THE LIVING AGE

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THE ROMAN ROAD IN MID-ALBANIA.

[*To Mehmet Bey.*]

A road smites through the mountains like the thrusting of a sword,
It glitters through green forests and shines above the ford,
And where the road is ruined, and the centuries have scored,
It's bound with broken pieces from the tombstone of a Lord.

The road was made by Romans; strong stone by stone they laid;
The fountains gave them music and beech trees gave them shade.
They laughed among the mountains at the noise the thunder made,
And built the way eternal, for eternal Roman trade.

Great Philip, King of Macedon, passed nigh this warrior's way,
With forty men before him and five thousand men behind;
His conquests are all scattered like mists at dawning day—
The Romans wrote their journey in the stones with which they signed.

They built the road for barter, but He, the Battle God,
He took it for His highway, and there His servants trod;
The tall men of the mountains, who march as they were shod,
Light-footed as the wild deer that get their grace from *God*.

They sing in that green forest of two turnings of the way:
First where the men dismounted who rode with Skander Bey,
And, with drawn swords, upon the pass knelt down to *God* to pray;
And of the second turning and the prayer that won the fray.

"They built the road in ancient days," Albanian shepherds sing,
"To bear the weight of autumn snows and torrents of the spring,
For corn and gold and ambergris that southern merchants bring;
But we shall mend the Roman road to honor our own King.

Dear lives have gone to pave it, there's blood on every stone;
Since first the Romans made it, it's fed on flesh and bone,
And women's tears have washed it and made it all our own,
The King's Way in Albania, the way that stands alone.

Let be, the blood that has been spilt, and all the echoes woken
By guns that thundered in the hill and words by prophets spoken.
The King comes to Albania, and our King shall have this token:
We'll mend the Roman road for him which Turk and Slav have broken.

The eagles poised above the way still in still evening air,
The very wolves that haunt our hills have not been longer there
Than we, who fought centurions; we raise our hands and swear
A loyalty as white to him as snows our mountains wear.

On narrow paths like shadows, on tired steeds we've spurred,
Above the flood that roars so loud no gun-shot can be heard.
We know the tumult's meaning, at dusk our blood is stirred;
By sword and thunderstorm and flood Albanians keep their word.

As tides are to the billows, so love is to a mood;
Our love is more than hatred, we're eagles of one brood.
We'll take the oath together of abiding brotherhood,
And while we are Albanians, by *God* we'll make it good."

The Spectator.

THE OVERTAXED MELTING-POT.

In the last year of his administration, President Taft vetoed an immigration measure passed by the American Congress, because of a clause requiring an educational or reading test of every alien coming to the United States to take up his residence in that country. The Bill was returned to Congress for action upon the veto, a two-thirds affirmative vote being necessary for the measure to become a law over the disapproval of the President. The Senate voted four to one against the President, although his party was in power in that body. The House, although in political opposition to the President, failed by a few votes to sustain the Senate, so the measure was finally lost. The same Bill under different guise is once more before Congress, will possibly soon become a law, with the sanction of President Wilson, though at present writing he is reported to be of open mind for or against it.

This new measure is practically the same as that of the previous Administration, excepting that a clause has been added forbidding the coming of aliens "who advocate or teach the unlawful destruction of property," this presumably being intended to cover the case of alien militant suffragists bent upon a propaganda of violence, as well as anarchists who have been specifically prohibited from entry for many years. No reference is made in the proposed law to Japanese or Hindus, although the admission or exclusion of both these races is a live issue not only in the United States but in Canada as well. An effort was made to deal with these questions in drafting the bill, but upon more mature consideration, and in deference to the already great difficulties of the diplomatic department of the Government concerning these very matters, any mention thereof was omitted. There was also fear of engendering opposition to the measure as a whole, and consequently delaying its enactment, even possibly bringing about its ultimate defeat, through another Presidential veto or Congressional opposition, if the Japanese question was touched upon. The new measure proposes several changes in the administration of the law of exclusion, but these are technical and involve no change in purpose or principle.

For some years past there has been a strong sentiment in the United States in favor of drastic measures for the restriction of immigration. In times of business depression, the evils of a large yearly importation of unskilled labor were made clearly apparent, but as each period of depression was followed by a time of renewed industrial expansion and optimism, these evils apparently disappeared, at least to the public eye, surplus labor was absorbed, and alarm subsided for the time being. In the meantime, however, public sentiment has waxed continually stronger in the direction of greater conservatism in adding to the body politic and social a vast quantity of raw human material such as is now being dumped upon the shores of America. Societies have been formed, prominent men in all walks of life have identified themselves with the movement, and it has become evident that as time goes on it will surely be made increasingly difficult for immigrant aliens to enter the United States. The first tangible result of this agitation has been the tightening up of the naturalization laws, and a full five years' residence, with certain mental qualifications, and acquired knowledge of American af-

fairs, are now necessary for an alien to secure his "final papers" as a full-fledged American citizen.

Many Bills have been introduced into Congress, proposing to check the immigrant flow; some of these were practical and others impossible. None of them succeeded in securing sufficient support to become a law. In President Roosevelt's time an imposing commission was appointed to report to Congress the real condition of affairs. Like nearly all such commissions, it remained in existence for a long time, and was only terminated by Congress refusing to appropriate further funds for its maintenance. As it was, it cost the country nearly £200,000, its work extended over four years, and the results were forty-three large volumes of testimony, reports, and conclusions. At one time the clerical force of this commission numbered nearly six hundred people. Not one of the recommendations made by the commission was adopted, and in fact some of them were so devoid of practical common sense and political sagacity as to throw considerable doubt upon the character of the entire work. One result did accrue, however, and that was the discovery of an organized white slave traffic, such discovery being followed by prompt action on the part of the Government, and under the authority of laws already in existence, much was done towards breaking up a nefarious business which, unrealized by the public, had attained vast proportions. It was found that the headquarters of this white slave traffic were maintained in London, Paris, and Vienna, New York being the receiving station. It was shown that one man had made an annual profit for himself out of the business amounting to approximately £40,000 a year.

One recommendation made by the commission, and one which has found many supporters, was a proposed numerical restriction of immigration, or, in other words, that only a certain number of people should be allowed to enter from a single foreign country in one year. This form of restriction is so unscientific and indefensible, from almost any point of view, that it has had slight chance of becoming a law, and probably never will. So far as it is possible under the direction of law, and so far as the human administration of such laws makes it possible, intending immigrants into the United States are now required to come up to a certain standard before being allowed to land. They must be physically fit, free from mental disorders, have no discoverable record of crime behind them, and give promise at least of being self-supporting from the time of entry. Chinese laborers are refused admission altogether, and no labor excepting in domestic occupations can come to the United States under contract. This is the present law stated badly. The Government also retains the right indefinitely to deport any alien deemed to have become undesirable after being admitted.

There are a thousand variations in the conditions under which people arrive, and each case is judged on its merits, within such legal authority as is given the port officials. Under the proposed law it would be necessary for each immigrant over sixteen years of age to be able to read with more or less fluency in some recognized language or dialect, in addition to measuring up to the physical and other standards already imposed. It is estimated that this reading test would reduce the immigration from some countries as much as forty per cent. The wisdom and justice of such additional test is seriously questioned by many. A score of American college presidents have gone on record as opposing it, and it is not at all difficult to cite innumerable cases where the

parents of prosperous and highly esteemed American citizens of to-day would have been barred from entering had this restriction prevailed at the time of their emigration from their native land.

One of the strongest forces against any limitation of immigration into the United States has been the Hebrew element in the population, and this can easily be understood, for any degree of strictness would bar the way to a large percentage of emigrants from Russia, Austria-Hungary, and some other countries. Possible Hebrew opposition to the proposed reading test has been taken care of, however, by a clause in the law which forbids discrimination against those who are "seeking admission to the United States solely for the purpose of escaping from religious persecution." The adoption of a reading test is such a radical departure from previous policy, and is of such importance to the people of Europe, that it is perhaps worth while to give the exact reading of the Bill as it may become a law. It is as follows:—

"That after four months from the approval of this act, in addition to the aliens who are by law now excluded from admission into the United States, the following persons shall also be excluded from admission thereto, to wit:—

"All aliens over sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language, or some other language or dialect, including Hebrew or Yiddish; provided, that any admissible alien, or any alien heretofore or hereafter legally admitted, or any citizen of the United States, may bring in or send for his father or grandfather, over fifty-five years of age, his wife, his mother, his grandmother, or his unmarried or widowed daughter, if otherwise admissible, whether such relative can read or not; and such relative shall be permitted to enter. That for the purpose of ascertaining whether aliens can read, the immigrant inspectors shall be furnished with slips, of uniform size, prepared under the direction of the Secretary of Labor, each containing not less than thirty nor more than forty words in ordinary use, printed in plainly legible type in the various languages and dialects of immigrants. Each alien may designate the particular language or dialect in which he desires examination to be made, and shall be required to read the words printed on the slip in such language or dialect. No two aliens coming in the same vessel or other vehicle of transportation shall be tested with the same slip."

It is understood that President Wilson is impressed with the case against such a restriction, and he may suggest that it be made less severe, but as it now stands it has the support of a large majority of Congress in both Senate and House. There are now living in the United States about 1,700,000 people who were born in Ireland, 846,000 born in England, 234,000 born in Scotland, and 94,000 born in Wales, or a total of 2,869,000 born in the United Kingdom. It would be interesting to know what percentage of these would have been refused admission had a reading test been enforced at the time of their emigration. It would undoubtedly have proved a serious check on the movement of population from Ireland especially, and in the future, when this test has been made a requirement, it will probably act as a deterrent from the still large Irish emigration to America. In earlier years there was no other place to which these people could go with any assurance of bettering their condition. Now, however, the British Colonies offer equal, if not better, opportunity for British subjects, and it would appear that the proposed American restriction will have a tendency to increase the percentage of emigrants from the United Kingdom to Canada, Australia, and South Africa, which

countries, though fairly strict in their supervision of incomers, do not require an educational test, and probably will not for some time to come. The United States is no longer encouraging immigration, whereas the British dependencies are still anxious to secure new population.

One of the greatest stimulants to emigration is the cheapness of the Atlantic passage, the profit therein to the steamship company, and the fierce competition for this class of business among transportation agents. Nearly every European country has been compelled to enact and strictly enforce laws forbidding emigration propaganda, and restricting the activities of steamship agents. In Italy it is even illegal to send out any form of advertising matter other than sailing dates, but none of these restrictions has apparently had much effect in checking the tide of refugees from economic conditions seemingly oppressive as compared with those to be found in America. The departure of an emigrant from Europe is, as a rule, the starting of an endless chain. Money is sent back to pay the passage of others of the family, or even of friends, and nearly half of the business originates in this manner. In a single year as much as £20,000,000 has been sent from America to Italy by emigrants from the latter country who are sending their money home to support their relatives, or for the purpose of prepaying the passage of others who wish to follow on. Nearly as large an amount goes annually to Austria-Hungary, and in all probability not less than £50,000,000 is sent from the United States each year from the earnings of immigrants to their respective native countries. As the total amount of money brought into the United States by immigrants seldom exceeds £4,000,000 in a single year, it is evident that the outflow of wealth is one of the great factors in the excess of exports over imports recorded of American trade.

It is estimated that about thirty million immigrants have entered the United States in the past one hundred years. Naturally the character of this movement has changed enormously at various periods. The emigration to America in the nineteenth century was largely from the United Kingdom and northern Europe, that is to say, Teutonic, Celtic, and Gallic. The movement of population for the last fifteen years or more has been from southern and eastern Europe, Latin and Slav in character, with a strong admixture of Hun and Levantine. The movement from the United Kingdom is still large, but that from northern Europe has almost ceased. In 1884 nearly a quarter of a million Germans went to the United States, while in recent years the total immigration has been less than fifty thousand annually. The great rush of the past decade has been from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia, and it is the vast numbers of these people in America which has brought about the movement for a restriction of immigration. The average number of immigrants admitted annually to the United States for the past five years has been about 860,000. From this number must be deducted those who leave. For five years past the average number of departures annually has been about 290,000, leaving a net annual increase to the population through immigration of about 570,000. A larger percentage of desirables leave the country than enter it, as the return to their native land implies, as a rule, thrift and enterprise. It is interesting to note that in these same five years past the emigration from the United Kingdom has averaged 375,000 annually, while immigration has averaged 320,000, a net loss to the population of 55,000 per year. These

figures are not as favorable even as they might be, for while a vast majority of the emigrants are British born, 144,000 out of the 320,000 immigrants were aliens, that is to say, the alien immigrant is, in the United Kingdom, displacing the British-born citizen, laborer or artisan.

In the past twenty-five years the value of the products of manufacture in the United States has nearly trebled, and all other industry has kept pace with this tremendous growth. This has only been possible through the immigration of millions of laborers, and if the restrictions on entry had been as severe in the past as it is now proposed to make them, no such development would have been recorded. This is the great advantage which has accrued from the inflowing tide, for these new-comers did not to any marked degree displace the native born; they were needed to supply the constantly increasing demand for labor. On the other hand, a heavy bill of damages has been paid by the nation for this industrial expansion. The cities have been filled to overflowing, alien communities have been built up within the walls, the public-school system has lost something of its original value to the native born, and all charitable, reform, and penal institutions have found their principal reasons for existence in the care of these adopted sons and daughters and their offspring.

The digestive power of the melting-pot has proved to be marvellous beyond belief, but ominous signs of indigestion and distress have been apparent recently. The evils of this large immigration are felt more acutely in what may be termed the middle and lower class life of the country. There are few indications of any effect upon the government or the principles upon which it is conducted. By the time the immigrant or the descendant of an immigrant becomes so educated or prosperous as to take effective place in the life of the community, his whole character has changed, and in most cases he has become as representative an American as may be desired. The only exception to this is in the larger cities, where alien colonies have a direct and malign effect upon local politics. New York City is a notable example of what follows the ascendancy of an un-American element at the polls, and it has been only through the herculean efforts of the more intelligent and responsible class inspired by American ideas, that any balance of power has from time to time been regained. There is now a very strong public sentiment in favor of putting a "house full" sign on the gates of the nation, and while this will not come to pass, there is no question that with each succeeding Congress renewed effort will be made still further to check the inflow.

Among those who are opposed to immigration are many alarmists, who are apt to over-state the evils and under-estimate the values of a wisely regulated influx of aliens. The United States has not yet reached the limit of growth; in fact, it has been estimated that, scientifically tilled and industrially developed, the country could support a population of 400,000,000, or four times the present number. The growth of the future must necessarily be slower, however, than the growth of the past, and the great problem is to keep alien influences well in hand, that they may not bring disaster to the original scheme of things. The present tendency of legislation appears to be dictated by panic rather than by common sense or by any well-thought-out plan. The theoretically perfect control of immigration is much the same in principle as that exercised over community water supply. To see

that it is plentiful, that it is of the best quality, free from possible pollution at the source, and that it is properly distributed, is the duty of a popular Government, and if this principle is applied to immigration there can be no objection to the strictest supervision and discrimination in putting it into practice. To secure and welcome the best, to reject the undesirable, and to distribute new-comers throughout the country so that the supply of labor be uniform and cities are kept from abnormal growth in the tenement and slum districts, is the logical course of a wise and just selfishness on the part of any nation jealous of its political and social integrity.

To apply a numerical restriction might keep away those who were wanted. To say that a man must know how to read does not guarantee the safety of the community, for it is a notorious fact that the most dangerous citizens are, almost as a rule, better educated than the most harmless. The agitator, the corruptionist, the preacher of violence, or the assassins of rulers, in monarchy or republic, have been, almost without exception, men cultivated beyond their fellows. There are millions of sturdy, honest, agricultural laborers in the world to-day who can neither read nor write, yet whose labor and industry would be welcomed in the most enlightened lands, and whose manner of life would be entirely unobjectionable. The problem is not an easy one for any nation. Out of the 1,200,000 who applied for admission to the United States in 1913, about 20,000 were rejected on arrival, and during that year nearly 4,000 were deported who had been admitted, but who were found to be undesirable after a short residence in the country. The steamship companies are compelled to carry back those rejected without further charge. In consequence of this they are careful not to embark anyone who is found to be inadmissible. The care taken at American ports to see that the immigrant measures up to standard is shown in the fact that the transportation companies were in error in these 20,000 cases, and paid the penalty in every case. If the intending immigrant be proved insane, and in several other cases, the carriers are fined heavily, in addition to providing the rejected passenger with a return ticket. At times the arrivals at Ellis Island, New York, are as many as 20,000 in a single week, and it is manifestly not possible to give each case the proper scrutiny, so many enter who would be barred under more careful administration of the law. This branch of the United States Government work is made practically self-supporting by the imposition of a head tax of sixteen shillings on each immigrant. It would be a legitimate expenditure of money raised by general taxation to so increase the efficiency of the service and the severity of the application of the law, even to a considerable financial loss, as to make it practically impossible for a mentally, physically or morally undesirable to enter in. This would be a far more intelligent way to reduce the number than to fix any arbitrary numerical standard or educational test, neither of which have aught to do with the possible real value of the immigrant to the nation which is admitting him to membership.

James Davenport Whelpley.

The Fortnightly Review.

LORD STRATHCONA: A SKETCH.

To write the life of the late Lord Strathcona would be to write the history of modern Canada. Few persons, either living or dead, have been more intimately associated with its development, and fewer still have labored as Lord Strathcona labored for the prestige of the country which he loved. He lived at a critical moment in Canada's story, and such critical moments have ever found, in the development of the world by Anglo-Saxon races, the necessary man, the strong individual, the leader, whether soldier or civilian, fit to carry great matters through and to carry them through greatly.

Yet these leaders have seldom been the men who would have been chosen by a consensus of public opinion for their suitability to the task before them. The need arises and the unexpected man appears. Sometimes he has been of humble origin, sometimes of weak physique—once he was a seasick sailor with a blind eye and an empty coat-sleeve—sometimes he has been unknown and obscure until the moment arrived when his services were wanted.

Lord Strathcona's figure is not an isolated one in the page which it adorns. It would be invidious to mention him above the name of his famous cousin, Lord Mountstephen, or of his able colleague, Sir William Van Horne. But his recent death has inspired a fresh interest in the life of the veteran who has passed away, and if a biographical sketch is in some sort a funeral oration, the sad honors of the occasion belong to him alone. The honor must necessarily be inadequate and the meed of praise wholly imperfect, because the future alone will show how invaluable to his country was the service of such a man as the late Lord Strathcona.

The harvest of his life, in so far as recognition went, came late. Most people are inclined to regard him as a brilliant man, always before the eyes of the world, always successful, not born perhaps to any great position, but coming into his own, and deservedly a successful man from the first. Lord Strathcona was forty-eight years old before he was made even Chief Factor in a fur company, and he was forty-eight when he leapt with all the vigor of youth into fresh activities bearing responsibilities for which he appeared to have had but little training, and into positions of importance for which he was always equal although not ostensibly prepared.

His preparation, indeed, for the life of ceaseless public work before him was one of the most curious and most unusual that we believe has ever fallen to a man's lot. We have heard of men being snowed up for a winter. Donald Alexander Smith, as he was then, was snowed up for thirty winters. And we have heard of men being lost to their relatives and their friends for the space of a few years. When Donald Smith bade his home and his people farewell the farewell was an eternal one: he never saw his parents after he quitted Scotland at the age of eighteen. In Labrador he was almost without postal communication with the rest of the world, and he lived amongst trappers, Indians, and fur traders, and saw no one else at the very age when young manhood is most disposed for enjoyment, and in face of the fact that his limited opportunities did not, to use the common expression, seem to "lead to anything."

At home, it might reasonably seem that the young man would have had better chances, for he had had a sound education and his thrifty par-

ents were prepared to make sacrifices for the boy whom they thoroughly believed in.

"Donald will surprise them yet," his mother used to say sturdily when all her ambitions for her son were overthrown by his choosing to sail for Canada rather than to study law.

"They will be proud of my Donald yet," she repeated when still another opening came for the young man in the form of an offer of a desk in the house of his merchant uncles, the Grants of Manchester, kindly men of good repute, who have been immortalized as the Cheeryble Brothers by the pen of Charles Dickens. But Donald had adventurous blood in his veins. Two of his uncles had travelled far and done excellent pioneer work, and, who knows, the story of their lives may have fired the determined youth to launch out into the deep rather than hug the shores of his native land and enjoy its calm waters.

There is nothing particularly arresting in the figure of a Scottish boy of the middle classes sailing for the West as many others have done before him. The heroic side of it lies in the fact that for thirty years he never turned back. Yet the discontent which every boy must feel at a hard lot and a solitary existence must have been felt by him as acutely as by any other; his surroundings were infinitely more austere, and it is conceivable to suppose that his courage often failed him and that the longing to return home must at times have been well-nigh unendurable. Thirteen years in the silence of Labrador might well have broken down the determination of most young men. One might even say that it would have been excusable had mind as well as courage given way. Yet we find him at the age of eighteen settling down at a lonely fur-trading station, and here for thirteen years silence falls upon him like a fog. Hardly ever did his own voice pierce the silence. Donald Smith was a quiet Scotsman who disliked talking about himself, and only here and there will be found old friends of his to whom he spoke of his life in the lonely land.

There was only one post in the year to Labrador, but every week Donald wrote to his mother. The letters must have lain beside him unposted for months after they were written, but at least they formed an outlet for self-expression and affection on the part of the solitary boy. Perhaps the punctually written letter was the result of a promise made before leaving home, and his mother may have asked him to write every week, as is the custom of mothers. He himself uttered a pathetic need when he told an old friend that when he used to get too homesick he always wrote home. One can imagine the routine of the life which included the writing of a weekly letter, and still more characteristic of the man is the well-authenticated story that he always had the *Times* for a year sent out to him, and each day the sheet was laid upon his breakfast-table and was diligently read by him. The news was a year old, but the next day's issue lying upon the top of the orderly pile was never even glanced at by him—a small act of restraint and self-discipline which, no doubt, was not without its bracing effect upon the young fellow's character.

It is not idle to wonder whether, in seeking for a man to do Imperial work for a great nation, a more unlikely spot could have been found than mist-veiled, remote, inaccessible Labrador, where in a rudely constructed wooden shack, conducting a very poor fur trade amongst Indians, the young Scottish clerk stuck to his work and did his duty.

The ice clings long about the solitary

shores of that land, and the mists hang heavily through the interminable winter. The nights are long and intensely cold, the silence is sometimes broken by the cry of an animal travelling soft-footed over the snow, or by the roar of wind upon the shore. Dogs bark furiously at night-time, and when early spring comes and food is scarce they do more than bark and howl. It is not good to meet hungry dogs when the winter supply of fish is gone and they search ravenously for scraps and food under the snow. In summer-time no doubt all was well, and the young clerks at the fur station passed their time canoeing, fishing, and shooting. But there are eight months of winter in Labrador, and it is not unusual for the thermometer to drop to 40 degrees below zero. The forests are very quiet then in the long, clear, frosty nights, and the fur stations were two to three hundred miles apart. And once a year the post came in and once it went out.

A man might live there for a whole summer and get material for a book, or a sportsman might collect provisions for one desperate winter. But thirteen years in Labrador must have had moments of dullness.

We first hear of Donald Smith quitting the inhospitable shore on account of his eyes, which gave him great trouble. His modest trip to an oculist entailed the trifling feat of walking nearly one thousand miles to Montreal in winter-time; while the story runs that Sir George Simpson, the Governor, treated the expedition as being "absent without leave." He sent a messenger to meet the young man and to demand of him why he had quitted the post, and ordered his immediate return, pointing out with perhaps unnecessary plainness that the eyes of one young clerk were of very little importance compared with the interests of a great fur-trading company.

Donald received the message and walked back to Labrador without having seen the oculist.

At the end of thirteen years he was transferred to another fur-trading station on Hudson Bay, where, he informed a friend of his, he had the companionship of a few employés and his own thoughts. But the Governor, Sir George Simpson, had by this time discovered one important thing about the young clerk. However poor the trade, Smith's ledgers were able to show a profit. He learned the right way to treat the Indians. He nursed some and doctored others, and he acted honestly by them. The young man with few opportunities did what he could, and on the death of Sir George Simpson he was made Chief Factor in the fur company.

And here, at the age of forty-eight, an honorable career might have fitly closed. Donald Smith had done his share of the world's work, and after a hard life he deserved the ease and prosperity to which he had attained. As a matter of fact his real work was only just to begin.

There were quick happenings in Canada in those days. Events were succeeding each other with startling rapidity. Half a continent which had been forgotten was bursting into life. The buffalo and the moose were disappearing, and in their place were coming new men—men of vigor and of purpose, men who saw far and intended to go far, and amongst the foremost of these men was Donald Smith. The story of Canada at this time reads like something more than romance: it is a story of strong endeavor and great causes, and above and noblest of all, it is the story of strong self-assertive individualism coming to something better than it knows, fighting for bigger issues than those for which it at first set out to fight, and inspired at last by a great

Imperial idea stronger than self-interest.

We cannot do more than touch lightly on the Riel Rebellion, which may be briefly described as an agitation to force the settlement of Red River from the Hudson Bay Company's rule and possession. The rapid increase of population in Assiniboia had entirely altered the Company's conditions of tenure; and when Canada proposed, by an arrangement with the Directors in London, to take over this country, it involved a very difficult problem. To the men living there annexation by America would scarcely have seemed less unintelligible than the proposal held out by Canada. For to the West, Canada was still almost an unknown country. In the end an arrangement was made whereby the Company agreed, with some notable reservations including large tracts of land, to surrender their interests in the North-West District to the Crown. Hence ensued a long and important dispute between the "wintering partners" and those who stayed at home and simply enjoyed the revenues of the Company. There was bold talk of establishing a republic in the North-West, and the Governor of Assiniboia travelled in hot haste to the most loyal man of the Hudson Bay Company and put the immediate danger of the case in front of Donald Smith.

A less strong or a less sober-minded man might easily have been carried away by the turmoil of talk and agitation which ensued; but not only did Smith see with his almost unfailing judgment and far-sighted outlook that in the end the Company might very well profit by the transfer, but he had sufficient belief in the innate justice of his fellow-countrymen to believe that the "wintering partners" would get a very fair share of the price paid in London. He could not, however, stay the march of events which was going forward with headlong rapidity. The Deed of Surrender was signed in London; and Canada, proud of her new possession, was already flooding it with surveying parties and speculators. The North-West, with perhaps exaggerated ideas of its own rights, resented the arrival of new-comers, and the general discontent found voice in the man who has given his name to the rebellion—namely, Louis Riel. Of the involved politics of those times we have, as we have said, not enough space to speak. Suffice it to say that the torch of insurrection was lighted when the French leader prevented by force the entrance of the new Governor, Macdougall, into the territory. Following on this came the capture of Fort Garry, and this remained in the hands of the insurgents until the arrival of the Imperial force under Colonel Wolseley.

Meanwhile the situation was both complicated and dangerous, and one of the most striking features of the general distraction which ensued was the suspicion with which men of the time regarded each other. Hardly any of the prominent actors escaped calumny and quarrel succeeded quarrel in a perfect maelstrom of suspicion and distrust.

Upon this scene entered Donald Smith, always quiet, seeking justice and doing it with that keen sense of fairness which was his chief characteristic. Not waiting for instructions from London, he set out for the North-West with the authority of Sir John Macdonald, who, in order to back his authority, invested him with the title of Commissioner. There must have been a dramatic moment when, unguarded and without even a message being sent to herald his arrival, he drove up in his sleigh to Fort Garry with no other introduction than his own words to the chief sentry, "Je me nomme Donald A. Smith."

He struck the right note when, in his opening appeal to the mixed races round him, he first of all claimed to be a Scot amongst Scotsmen, and afterwards in truly Imperial fashion declared that he was neither for Canada nor for the Company, but for the Country!

His belief in his country, or, as it has since been more popularly termed, the Empire, was not only sincere but was worth, as he believed, any personal sacrifice. His singleness of aim gave him a dignity such as is not often surpassed, and in the turmoil around him his large and forcible silence was more impressive than brilliant oratory or fierce denunciations. What he believed men should have, that he demanded, no more and no less. What he believed they should give, that also he stated as plainly as he stated demands. But always at the back of his great utterances one seems to feel the great silence engendered by a lonely life and the strength that comes to a man from knowing himself thoroughly. His own thoughts had been his companions at the fur-trading station of his youth. Now his thoughts were to be put into action in the midst of the roar of men. Hot and excited were the meetings over which he presided, and always it seemed he waited until others spoke, and then with the slow gentle Scottish voice, which those of us who knew him remember as one of his characteristics to the end of his life, Donald Smith would announce a programme or deal with a situation deliberately, thoughtfully, slowly, and in a way which imposed silence on the maddest spirits round him. Perhaps of all the tense moments of the Riel Rebellion none can have been more arresting than that when Donald Smith read the Queen's message signifying her sorrow and displeasure at the lawless proceedings that had taken place. It was spoken by a man who was nominally a prisoner, and who might actually be made one any day, and yet his voice of authority never failed, while the text of his speech was Justice, undeviating and indifferent. The perturbed and excited Frenchman who opposed him called upon his men to shoot "that Scotsman Smith" if he disobeyed injunctions, but neither his threat nor that other, which was infinitely more serious—namely, the annexation of the North-West by America—seemed to alarm him unduly. He felt throughout that direct communication with the Dominion Government was what really should be aimed at in order to effect a peaceful settlement, and the murder of Scott alone convinced him that peace could only be bought at the price of war.

In 1870 he returned to Ottawa to find himself surrounded by petty jealousies, and his important services were not even recognized until two years later, although by this time he had practically undermined the forces of the Riel Rebellion. Evidently quite unperturbed by this somewhat ungenerous treatment, Donald Smith plunged eagerly into work for the Company again, and next we find him at a motley meeting of Indians and fur traders at Norway House settling the question of the "wintering partners'" claim to a part of the £300,000 obtained by the English shareholders. His mission to London was urged in loyal terms by those who, being without great powers themselves, were content to say, "We shall get our fair share if Donald Smith goes to London for us."

"I will get you £100,000," said Mr. Smith. And in the end he returned with £107,000.

The Red River Expedition under Colonel Wolseley in 1870 is a matter of comparatively recent history. Its peaceful termination gave Donald

Smith leisure for fresh enterprise. He had by this time gained not only the affection but the confidence of the people of Canada. In after-years it was as little possible for him as it is for any strong man in a high position to avoid differences, and, in two cases at least, very serious differences, with those about him. His quarrel with Dr. Schultz, who at heart respected him, lasted, and lasted fiercely, for many a long and controversial year; and his sharp, painful, and wholly unexpected opposition to Sir John Macdonald doubtless brought suffering to both; while the reconciliation which followed was as much a credit to one as to the other.

His connection with Sir John Macdonald brings us abruptly to the story of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a tempting subject on which to linger, but even a cursory treatment of it involves the whole story of the Federation of Canada.

Canada was to become a nation; more than that, it was to become a compact and powerful nation. East and West were to join hands in a strong grip; scattered districts, provinces the size of empires, were to be joined together under one Flag, and the integrating factor was to be the great railway system of Canada. As we now know, its final triumph has been complete, but men living yet can tell tales of the difficulties and seemingly hopeless defeats of the early days of the Canadian Pacific Railway which are almost more like the personal history of a living creature than the story of a line of rails. The defeats, the hopes, the despair that followed each other quickly contributed to that personal interest which surrounds it, while the very fact that, like all pioneers, the railway was met by scoffs and gibes, carries the analogy still farther, and promotes almost a sense of affection and loyalty to the great enterprise.

In 1871 the English Press became hysterical over the mad project of a Trans-continental Railway in Canada. The "mad project" was described as being "just as ridiculous as a scheme for the utilization of icebergs." The country through which it ran was declared to be as forbidding as any place on earth and quite unfit to live in, and the Canadians themselves were accused of being perfectly well aware that the Canadian Pacific Railway would never yield one cent of interest on the money sunk in it. Not content with this description, various towns were singled out for a frank exposure of their pretensions, and it was confidently stated that where men did not die of frost-bite in the winter they were generally killed by malaria in the summer.

Through this austere, inhospitable, ice-bound land the railway resolved to run, and the "commercial absurdity" began in 1881.

As everyone knows, it was at first a Government undertaking, and curiously enough the man who was subsequently to be the head and forefront of the private Company which built it was at first wholly opposed to its being undertaken by any but Government. Donald Smith urged that it should be wholly regarded as outside party considerations, and stated that nothing short of a guarantee from the Government of interest on the whole amount of the bonds could induce capitalists to embark in the enterprise. It was only after each Government in turn had failed to construct the railway that he saw clearly that individual enterprise alone could carry it through. Before, however, this daring scheme—involving as it did tremendous financial issues—could materialize, came the turbulent Parliamentary Session of 1873, and with it the publication of the Canadian Pacific

Railway scandals, when Sir John Macdonald's Ministry was charged with receiving funds for electioneering purposes, in return for a charter to construct the railway. A period of almost unparalleled excitement ensued, and the burning question centred round the possibility of saving Sir John Macdonald's party. His following was large, his adherents were faithful, and whatever may have been his mistakes he was a man whom Canada trusted, and rightly trusted, to act for her best interests.

Donald Smith was then Member for Selkirk and an intimate friend of Sir John. The casting vote would lie with him, and there was a breathless sense of uncertainty as to whether the amendment which would retain Sir John in power would be defeated or not. Donald Smith was telegraphed for and was closeted with the Premier for some hours, but the result of the interview remained a secret and the fate of the Government was still undecided. When Parliament met, Sir John, in an impassioned speech, appealed to the loyalty of his supporters, and with his powerful gift of oratory seemed to have carried the House with him.

At one o'clock in the morning, upon a scene of tense expectation, Donald Smith rose, and one can well imagine what effect the quiet voice, the well-weighed sentences, spoken in the rugged tone of his forefathers, must have had upon the heated assembly. But even as he spoke no one was cognizant of the fact whether his old personal friendship for Sir John would be the deciding factor, moving him to vote for the Government, or whether the man's own inherent sense of fair play and his fine sense of what was just would triumph. His concluding words, spoken with what difficulty he alone knew, must have fallen with the dead sound of stones upon a coffin-lid to the almost frenzied party who waited for his support.

"For the honor of the country," said Donald Smith, "no Government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support."

The scene in the corridor of the House which followed has often been described, but probably no words will ever do justice to it. Men, wrought up to a curious state of excitement, threw off all reserve, and whether cheering or denouncing raised their voices in a roar of sound. Suddenly the crowd parted to right and left as if by magic, and through it strode Sir John. There was, no doubt, something about the advancing figure which made men draw back from its path, leaving no one in front of him but the solitary figure of the friend who had defeated him. Scot has met Scot before and the fight is always grim when it does come. Straight to the erect figure strode Sir John . . .

And there it is usual for historians to ring down the curtain. But living men who were present tell us that the fiery Premier, feeling no doubt the inadequacy of words, planted two vigorous blows upon his opponent before the surrounding crowd intervened. The language which he used meantime has not been handed down to us, but it is generally believed that Sir John was a past master in strong invective.

For many a day the Canadian Pacific Railway remained unbuilt, but in 1878 we find Donald Smith engaged in the reorganizing of an American bankrupt railway, known as the St. Paul and Pacific. Ridicule was freely poured upon the undertaking by men who, without the power and initiative which would render them capable of making a few thousands dollars themselves, are always able to prophesy defeat to those who can see farther than they are able to do. The

taunt levelled at Donald Smith was that through him the Canadian Pacific had been shelved for a generation, while his Yankee Railway would be as great a fiasco as the Canadian one. Financiers and politicians derided the scheme, and in face of this, Smith, with his usual directness, formed a company with Mr. James A. Hill and his kinsman Mr. George Stephen to teach a lesson of financial daring at which even New York stood aghast.

From this successful project, triumphantly carried through, there was only a step to the acquisition of the Canadian Pacific Railway itself. In 1880 a syndicate was formed, of which the heads were Mr. George Stephen and Donald Smith, with Mr. William Van Horne as actual constructor of the road. During many vicissitudes and many delays and disappointments Smith's belief in the project never wavered, and it is a matter of financial history that, in order to prevent the cessation of work on the line through lack of funds, he and Mr. George Stephen pledged the whole of their private fortunes to the enterprise. The last spike of the railway was driven in at Craigellachie on November 7, 1885, and the great road which Sir Edward Blake had described as "a streak of rust across the wilderness" without earning power to grease a train's axle-wheels, had bound together half a continent.

It is almost impossible to speak with any degree of thoroughness of the work of the man who, with many goods laid up, yet seemed determined not to take his ease. After the railway had been opened hospitals had to be built and colleges had to be founded. The once lonely fur trader was always busy in a throng of men. In 1897 we find him raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Strathcona, and on the outbreak of the South African War Strathcona's Horse, raised and financed by him and largely recruited from that splendid body, the Canadian Mounted Police, which he himself had been instrumental in raising, brought Canadians and Englishmen together in a way that perhaps only those who fight side by side can understand. The magnificence of Lord Strathcona's gift cannot be reckoned by dollars—the battlefields of South Africa are where the price of this great gift was paid. In 1896 he was made Lord High Commissioner of Canada, but the high-sounding title always seems to those who knew him to suggest but little of the man whom they remember. Rather, a memory of Lord Strathcona recalls a vision of an old man, a little deaf and with curiously gentle manners, sitting and working in a plain office room.

It was his simplicity of life and of thought which endeared him to his fellow-men, and his old friends love to recall the fact that even in the matter of taking precedence it was very difficult indeed to persuade him to "stand in the order of his going"; while one of them recalls a characteristic story of him in connection with old days at Winnipeg. With his usual hospitality Lord Strathcona had invited far too large a party to dine and stay the night at his house at Silverheights. In his perplexity, and suddenly realizing that some dozen friends at least would be without sleeping accommodation and that the dinner provided might also be inadequate, he transferred the feast to the Club House at Winnipeg, where an excellent entertainment and fine old Hudson Bay port beguiled the party for a considerable time. Lord Strathcona meanwhile was busy at the telephone ordering extra beds to be taken out to Silverheights, and when the company arrived there in the evening he was able to give them all accommodation.

His old friend who told me the story was obliged to leave early the follow-

ing morning, and passing through the hall at 6 A.M. he found his host sleeping peacefully in a straight-backed wooden chair. In his preparations for his guests he had overlooked one man.

"It was so like Donald Smith," said his old friend, "to remember everybody except himself."

The Cornhill Magazine. *S. Macnaughtan.*

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I left London by the earliest morning train on the following Thursday, walked up from the station, and was met by Murray at the garden gate.

"Peggy says you've come down to spend our last day with us. Have you?" he asked.

"I have, Murray. As early as I possibly could, I've come."

"And Peggy says that we may do anything we like all day long from morning till night. And that you won't mind."

"Of course I won't mind. You may do just anything you like all day long."

"And will you help us?"

"Whenever you want me to. I'll just do anything you like, too."

"Oh, thank you," said Murray.

We walked up the drive towards the house.

"Do you know, Allen doesn't know what a last day means in the least. He thinks it's just like an ordinary day. Because when I told him Peggy said he could do anything he liked all day long he just said of course he could. And when I asked him what he would like to do he said he thought he would like to go fishing, and then he said no, he would go and work in his garden and we would go fishing to-morrow. And of course to-morrow—well, we couldn't possibly go fishing."

"And have you settled what you would like to do yourself?"

"No," said Murray. "I can't think of anything much. I think what I should like to do would be to go round and look at everything, you know. And go fishing, of course. And go for a ride. And go out butterflying. And go for a picnic. And take a kettle and go and light a fire and have tea in the woods. And go and blow up a wasp's nest after dark, like James did the other night only we only saw him out of the window. And go and——"

"Good gracious! Isn't all that anything much? Let's go and do it all, anyhow. We'll begin with—but we must begin by asking Peggy."

I left Murray in search of a butterfly net and went to find Peggy. And I found her as I expected, upstairs, putting finishing touches to the boys' packing. She had not heard me as I came along the nursery passage, and I caught sight of her as I passed the half-open door of the boys' room. She knelt in front of a portmanteau, smoothing a suit of clothes which she had packed into one of the corners; in her hand was the list of clothes sent to her from the school, and having smoothed the suit into its place she sat reading through the list. I wondered how often she had put down the list and taken it up again. Her hands dropped into her lap and she sat with her hair tumbled over her shoulders, staring at the clothes in the portmanteau.

I must have made some movement, for she looked up and caught sight of me and shook back her hair. She slipped her list into the pocket of her frock and came across to me.

"I never thought you would really be able to come down as early as this.

And will you be able to stay to-night and to-morrow?"

"To-night and to-morrow, Peggy. And I've a message for you from Octavia. Would you like her to come down to-morrow and stay the night with you?"

Peggy glanced at me quickly. Then she looked down, raised her eyes for a moment, and looked down again. She shook her head.

"You would rather be alone?"

Peggy nodded.

"I'll tell her. And she's sending you down her car."

Peggy drew in her breath. "Do you mean she is sending her car so that the boys can go in it instead of by train?"

"If you like. It's to come to-morrow morning."

Peggy clasped her hands and looked at me with shining eyes. "It's the very thing I've been longing for. And I never thought of it coming like this. I thought once—I thought of writing to Mr. Brace, and asking if it would cost too much. And then I knew he would be sure to say that it would, and I knew it was only cowardly of me to want it that way, so I didn't write. Oh, it is a difference!" said Peggy.

"Is it the time of the journey?"

"I—I wanted them to go quickly. I kept on thinking of the drive to the station, and—and the train coming in, and the—the whistle, and—and Allen—and it all took such ages. And now with the motor car they'll be so excited that they won't notice, and we shan't have to wait—and it will all be over in a minute. Oh, it is a difference!" said Peggy. "Anyone could tell your sister knew about children."

I went through the list of Murray's suggestions for employing time during the day. I made the picnic a special request from myself; and Mrs. Drury came into the room as Peggy went downstairs to give her orders.

"Ah, and that's what she do want, though she don't know it," she remarked. "Something to keep her mind off—something she didn't think she'd got to do. It's the getting them off that's worrying her. She don't know what it's going to be, and how they're going to take it. Murray she don't trouble about so much. Allen she don't know about."

I told Mrs. Drury that the car would take the boys to school.

"Ah, well, I might have known you'd think of something," said Mrs. Drury.

Out in the garden the plans of the day were put before me. We were to go on an expedition after clouded yellows in the morning, and in the afternoon to combine a picnic with a fishing competition. The idea of the fishing competition came from Murray, who had cut out from an illustrated paper a picture of a gentleman weighing in his catch at a sea-fishing festival. Allen, gazing at the chief items, which were a plaice and a conger eel, had expressed grave doubts as to the pleasures of sea angling.

"I shouldn't think that was a fish," he remarked, pointing at the plaice. "And that certainly couldn't be a fish," he went on, indicating the conger eel. "Certainly that's a serpent."

The natural history of plaice and of conger eels was explained to him.

"Well," said Allen, "I don't want to catch a conger eel. I really don't want to catch one. Certainly I shan't catch a conger eel. I shan't even hook it." He was persuaded to enter for the competition on the express understanding that he need not catch a conger eel.

The road to the field where clouded yellows were to be caught ran between high hedges heaped with bryony and clematis. The clematis, I thought, might harbor a red admiral or two, but when we came to it the flowers

were over; the breath of that hot summer had burned the blossom from the bines and left no more than the gray canopy of feathered seeds behind it. Travellers' joy had turned to old man's beard. I wondered how we should fare when we came to the clover field where, I was assured, clouded yellows were flying in hundreds, and it was as I feared; when we reached the gate the clover was cut and carried. The clouded yellows were no longer flying in hundreds.

"But they were there," protested Allen. "I saw them. I did see them, and so did James."

"Do you mean you saw them that day when you went with James when he took the pony to be shod?" asked Murray.

"Of course I saw them," insisted Allen.

"But that was a fortnight ago." Murray gazed at the empty field.

"Well, there's one, anyhow," I told him.

A clouded yellow danced down over the hedge and flickered over a solitary blossom of clover. The two boys caught sight of it at the same time; one went through the gate and the other over it as it swung open.

"You're moving me away from it," protested Allen, the gate swinging as he climbed.

But the butterfly did not wait for the swinging gate. It was halfway across the field, with the two boys after it, flying strongly down wind.

"Oh, they won't get it," sighed Peggy by my side.

It was plain that they would not. The butterfly reached the far hedge of the field several yards in front of Murray, mounted into blue air and was away down the hill beyond. The two boys stood with their nets lowered. Suddenly from beside them there darted up another butterfly which headed towards us; just as it neared us Murray swept wildly in front of him, and the net closed over the yellow wings.

"He's caught it," cried Peggy. "Oh, poor little thing!"

My share in the chase was to produce from my pocket the killing bottle, and as I did so she turned away and stood gazing out into the distance as I had seen her when the fish lay jumping on the grass by the pond.

"Well, you've got one, anyhow," I said to Murray. "Now it's Allen's turn."

"I should have caught that one if Murray hadn't," Allen told us.

"You wouldn't, because——"

"But I know I should." Allen was watching the transfer of the butterfly from the bottle to the collecting box, and Murray caught a glance from Peggy.

"Well, I daresay you would really," said Murray.

"Certainly I should," affirmed Allen.

The two boys set out into the field again, and Peggy and I followed a little distance behind them. A painted lady or two zigzagged over the parched clover-stems; stray heaths and blues danced in the sunshine, but of clouded yellows we could see nothing more. We had circled the field and had almost come back to the gate by which we had entered, when there was a scurry in the rough grass by the side of the hedge. Wire netting separated the clover field from the hedge and the wood which it bordered, and the scurry in the grass became a scramble at the netting.

"It's a rabbit. A young rabbit, it is."

There was a helter-skelter chase up and down the netting for a minute; then Murray, falling full length, had the rabbit in his hands.

"Hold it by its ears."

"Don't squeeze its chest."

"Mind its leg."

"Let's take it home and make it a hutch. Let's run home with it."

I expressed doubt as to the wisdom of this course. Suddenly the rabbit, struggling with some violence, began to scream in a most unhappy manner. Peggy stood by Murray, her hands clasped, her eyes filled with deep anxiety.

"Oh, Murray, we can't keep it, it would be dreadful. Oh, the poor little creature's mother," cried Peggy, her hands clasping and unclasping. The violence of its struggles became too much for Murray, and the rabbit was held at arm's length by its ears, kicking empty air. I took it from him, and it screamed if possible with greater vigor. It was dropped over the wire, and it rushed through the hedge into the wood.

"Oh, thank you!" said Peggy.

"But he's let it go. You've allowed it to escape," protested Allen.

I said that the rabbit's mother had a prior claim on its assistance. This judgment was eventually accepted, and we set out on the road home again. We had come some distance for one clouded yellow, but the capture gained value from its solitariness in the box. It was examined and admired more than once as we walked along the road. But Allen's thoughts returned to the rabbit.

"If I had caught that young rabbit instead of you," he remarked to Murray, "it wouldn't have screamed, you know."

"Of course it would have. Why, it screamed because it wanted to get away. And it did get away. You couldn't have prevented it screaming."

"It wouldn't have screamed so much, then." He meditated again on the rabbit's escape. "If we were to go back to-morrow it would be sure to be in the same place. Certainly I shall go back to-morrow and catch it myself."

"But you can't go back to-morrow," began Murray. "Haven't I told you——"

"Never mind, Allen," I said. "If you can't catch the rabbit to-morrow you shall catch some fish this afternoon." I hoped he would, anyhow.

"Well, I don't want to catch a conger eel, then," doubted Allen.

When we set out in the afternoon for the pond we numbered almost a full household. Anne and John in a large mail-cart were pushed by Jane, except for a short distance (it happened to be up-hill) when Anne paid me the compliment of desiring that I should take the cart up the hill at a run. James the coachman drove Mrs. Drury in the pony-cart, and Peggy and Mrs. Drury between them had packed what room there was in the pony-cart with the materials for an extremely comprehensive tea. The boys marched as usual with their fishing-rods fully rigged with floats, casts and hooks; winders and bait-boxes filled bulging pockets, and Allen among the picnic kettles and bottles had packed a parting gift from Hannah, in the shape of a battered pail.

"But what is to be the prize?" I asked as we walked along.

"The prize?"

"Well, of course, for a competition you must have a prize."

"I know what I should like," said Allen: "a fishing-rod."

"But you've got a fishing-rod."

"Of course I have. That's just it. I want another. Because then I should catch more fish. If I had two fishing-rods instead of only one, then I could go out to-morrow and catch twice as many as to-day."

"Oh, Allen," said Murray. "You will say it."

"Well, if it was you had two fishing-rods, then you could catch twice as many fish too," said Allen.

Unexpected problems met us at the

pond, where for some reason which could not be discovered, and for which I was unable to suggest any explanation, we could catch no fish. Allen informed us that he would wish us to be extremely quiet, as he intended to fish his hardest, and a very small carp rewarded his efforts at an early period in the afternoon. But after that Allen, fishing his hardest, watched an idle float; inactivity became inexplicable and prolonged. James was consulted; James could hold out only hope. The natural resort seemed to be an early tea, and the task of collecting wood to make a fire to boil the kettle withdrew attention for a time from the extraordinary behavior of the fish. The red and yellow float stood motionless in the water beside the white and green.

It was when tea had been in progress sufficiently long for a third supply of hot water to be needed that a discovery was made which completely disturbed the composure of the tea party. Murray, getting up to fetch water from the kettle, glanced at the pond where a few minutes before the floats had been reported as doing no more work than usual. He stood on the bank amazed.

"Your float's gone," he called to Allen. "And the line—the line! Look at the line!"

The line, with no float to be seen, was slowly moving into the middle of the pond. Allen, jumping from his seat on the grass and hurriedly placing his cup on its side so that Jane also jumped from where she sat, ran to his rod and grasped it firmly. He lifted it. His float reappeared on the surface of the water; then it rose from the surface. Beneath the surface there was a commotion. The commotion grew to splashing, there was an upheaval, a sound of rending and cracking, a form against the open sky, and Allen's rod, broken in two places, fell to the ground about him; after the rod fell a tangle and much that writhed.

Allen stood without speech; he held his broken rod-butt very firmly. The heavens had fallen; duty would shortly make a stern call. He gazed slowly about him, and duty took the form of an imperative necessity for dealing with a revolving mixture of line, cast, float and fish at his feet. He stepped back, dragging all that was attached to the line after him, and the broken joints became mingled with the revolutions in the grass. Further difficulties were solved by James, who advanced and placed a boot upon the revolutions; after a due interval he held up for the admiration of all who gazed an eel quite fifteen inches long.

"What—what is it?"

"Is it a conger eel?"

"No," I said, "it certainly isn't a conger eel. It's a—a very fine yellow pond eel, and I should think it weighed as much as three or four ordinary fish put together."

Allen drew closer to inspect his capture.

"I shouldn't think it could be a conger eel," he said. "It's a yellow pond eel, that's what it is. It couldn't be a conger eel, because—well, how could it be, when I wasn't going to catch one—when I wasn't going even to hook one? I'm very glad I've caught that yellow pond eel. Very glad indeed, I am."

"Now I must try to catch one," said Murray. "If I do, well, I shall try not to break my rod like that."

"But—but I didn't break my rod," protested Allen. "The yellow pond eel broke it. I felt it break it. You mustn't blame me, you must blame the yellow pond eel."

"We will blame the yellow pond eel," I said. Tea was resumed with Murray's rod resting on the bank and his float as motionless as before in the

water; James, addressing himself to the task of Allen's line, shook his head at an appalling problem.

It was not far from sunset when Murray's rod was finally and for the last time lifted from the water. Allen's rod, with the materials at James's disposal, could not be reduced into working order again, and Murray thereupon proposed that the two of them should take it in turns to fish for five minutes at a time with his rod. He was immediately encouraged by hooking and landing a small carp; Allen, in his next five minutes, did the same, and soon they had four apiece. Then the fish went off the feed, and the sun sank lower.

"Well," I said, as we started off on the road home, with the carp duly swimming in the pail, and the eel packed beside the pail in grass, "there's no doubt that Allen has won the competition. And there's no doubt, either, that the prize must be a new fishing-rod."

"Thank you very much indeed," said Allen. He surveyed the fragments which he bore with him. "I should think James could mend these if he had some string and some cobbler's wax. With some cobbler's wax, you could, couldn't you, James?"

James expressed the opinion that the rod could be made even stronger than before. Having seen a rod which James had previously spliced in four places for Allen, I endorsed this opinion.

"Well, and then I should have two rods. And then to-morrow——" began Allen dreamily.

I bethought me of inquiring as to the locality of possible wasps' nests near the house, with a view to marking the finish of a notable day. And the potentialities of this inquiry occupied us until we stood under the porch at the Grange.

The fact that it was practically dark when we reached home impressed Allen considerably. Never, until that evening, had he actually embarked on an undertaking needing work in the garden by night, and night having fallen the importance of the occasion was emphasized in all that he said and did. Without an unnecessary word of explanation he obtained from Hannah a medicine bottle; from James he came to me with a flask of black powder, a fusé and some matches; he watched me fill up the bottle with powder and cut a notch in the cork for the fuse in silence. Then, with the matches, we set out to the appointed nest.

This was almost the end—not, of course, the great finale of flame, thunder, and devastation, but the last active part taken by the boys themselves in the night's work. They were to be shown the place where the nest awaited doom, and then, lest any of its inhabitants should happen to be unpunctual, they were to return to the house while James and I placed the powder and the fuse in position. Then, at the nursery window, with supper before them and ready for the night, they were to await the signal and the explosion.

They went in. James enlarged the opening which led to the nest, placed the bottle in the opening, laid the fuse and stamped sods upon all. I saw the nursery blinds drawn up, and figures in the lighted room. I waved the lantern three times, which was the given signal; a match was placed to the fuse, and James and I retreated from the fuse's neighborhood. There was a sputter, a flash, a superb detonation; the light of the lantern showed a gaping cavity where once had been plain grass bank. And I went upstairs to receive criticism. Murray, heavy-eyed but as polite as usual, had nothing but respectful congratulations on the magnitude of the explosion; Allen, on the nursery sofa, was asleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

And the next morning the motor car arrived at the *Feathers* inn at ten o'clock. I had arranged to meet it there, and to settle the time at which it should drive up to the Grange ready for the journey. The time which was agreed upon eventually fell a little differently from what had been arranged at first. I had talked it over with Peggy.

"You know," she told me, "I thought at first it would be best if they were to go immediately after lunch. And I've ordered for lunch what I know they like best. Only somehow, now it's come to—now it's come to the day I feel that lunch will be the most difficult time of all. I don't feel that—I don't know how I shall—I——"

"Look here, Peggy," I said, "why have lunch in the ordinary way at home? Why not make a lunch which the boys can take with them in the motor car, so that it will all be part of another picnic? Then there will be something more for them to think about, besides the motor car."

Peggy looked up at me, and questions came and went in her troubled eyes.

"That would be sooner, then. It would be—I could do it, if—if it would be best." She stood with her hands clasped under her chin, debating this and that alteration in plans of housekeeping. "They could have that—and that—and that," she said to herself, "and I could manage for that to do for to-morrow, and—yes—I could do it," she told me. "When would that mean, if—What time would the car have to be here?"

I told her.

"Quarter to one? An hour—an hour and a half sooner. And I'd been wondering if perhaps a little later than we'd thought—But I believe it would be best as you say. I'll—I'll do it," said Peggy.

And she went off to the nursery, on her way to the kitchen. And I met her a few minutes later, at the turn of a passage downstairs, when she may have thought I should be out of doors. "They shall have just everything I can get for them in the time," I heard her say, and I tried to turn before she saw me.

I do not know what she did in the time, but within half an hour she was helping Allen arrange a new garden—one which appeared to me to consist almost wholly of stones. It was a rock garden, he explained to me, and those were the rocks.

Mrs. Drury, slowly perambulating the garden with the aid of a walking-stick, surveyed the strip of the children's gardens from a distance.

"That's one of the things that makes it difficult for her," she said, pointing with her stick at the group under the trees. "One of them wants to do one thing and one another, and she don't know which to be with. There's Allen there, he won't leave his garden, and Murray, he wants to be doing something else."

Murray, as she spoke, separated himself from the group, and seemed to be extracting a promise from Peggy as he went away. I saw her watching him as he went down the garden path. And I found him in the stables, silently placing in the corner of the pony's loose box a basket of carrots sufficient to last for a month.

It was in one of these intervals of Murray's absence, I suppose, that Peggy took the opportunity of breaking to Allen the news of the approach of the motor car. I think it cannot have been much before half past twelve, for I had assured myself that all the boxes were ready in the hall, and that the lunch was packed in the baskets as Peggy had told me it should be; and I was almost beginning to listen for the sound of the motor horn

at the entrance to the drive. I do not know how Peggy had contrived what she said, but she could not, I think, have hoped for more than the immediate effect which her words produced upon her small brother. For I came out from the hall, and stood in the porch, and as I did so I saw Allen catch sight of me and come running as hard as he could to me across the lawn, shouting as he ran.

"We're going to Coombe Mering—to Coombe Mering—Coombe Mering. And we're going in a motor car, and it's going to be here in a minute, and it's the most beautiful motor car. And we're going to have dinner in the motor car, and jam roll and lemonade in the motor car. And we're going this morning, only Peggy can't come with us because she's got to stop at home, and we're going for a day, and several days, and perhaps even a month, Peggy says, and she'll come and see us. And I shall see the rifles firing in the battle, and I shall shoot a bull, and Jack will play cricket with me, and—and——"

He stopped for breath. And Peggy stood smiling at him. And the motor horn sounded at the entrance of the drive.

I do not remember clearly how the boxes were packed on the car, and the lunch baskets put in their places on the seats. It was done very quickly, and I saw Peggy standing smiling in the porch, with Anne on one side of her and John on the other. And I saw Murray fling his arms round his sister's neck, and saw him with Mrs. Drury, and with Hannah, and Anne, and John. And Allen—Allen I saw kiss his sister and his nurse very much as if he was saying good-night, and he sat in the car with very bright eyes and with his arms full of luncheon baskets, and I caught a glimpse of Peggy's face as Murray climbed with his back to us into the seat next the driver, and I told the driver to drive on. And Allen still held the luncheon baskets tightly as I looked back through the window and saw Peggy with Mrs. Drury and with Anne and John pulling at her frock. And we went on out of the drive, down the road to Coombe Mering.

Murray did not look round for half an hour, but when he did he was cheerful, and very hungry. Six hours later, on my way to Parson's Hanger, I sent a note up to the Grange by the gardener to tell Peggy that Allen had beaten Jack at cricket, and had practically learnt to swim.

(To be concluded.) *Eric Parker.*

DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY.

VII.—*Bernard Shaw.*

When we regard the position of Mr. Shaw to-day we notice two things: how he has influenced modern English thought, and how England has influenced him. We are apt to forget the first of these facts when we take up a volume of his plays again, after perhaps not having looked at them for some years, and find a great deal of the dialectic directed against matters that do not seem in dispute, and much of the fury against English Philistinism unnecessary. There is no doubt some of Shaw's work begins to look woefully old-fashioned. The wit that so tickled us seven or eight or ten years ago seems forced and local; the

diatribe that captured our enthusiasm appears unbalanced, the prejudices positively parochial. Yet this is partly due to the fact that all the fire and slaughter propaganda of the *Saturday Review* criticism, the revolutionary prefaces, and the countless letters, articles, and pamphlets have produced their effect, and that the Shavian point of view, with all the ideas converging to make it, has its place in the national outlook to-day.

It is not too much to say that since Oscar Wilde, Shaw has been the most powerful influence in English literature. It is difficult indeed to gauge its extent. Among dramatists of the modern school, Galsworthy, St. John Hankin, Granville Barker, and Stanley Houghton have all come directly under his influence. His effect on the novelists is almost as powerful, though more subtle; for all that they take from their master is his point of view. Shaw as a novelist invented no technique. His novels were only experiments, as he admits himself.

The third and largest of all the spheres where the influence of Shaw may be studied is in the society of the cultured classes of to-day. Here we find, struggling with a host of other conflicting notions, the ideas of the characters of the Shaw theatre being repeated and developed, while he has succeeded in awakening in the educated middle classes a distrust of their own conventions, an insecurity as to their attitude towards life. It is much to have done this, though it would have been better still to give them something in exchange for their broken idols, some new illusion for the old. That, however, is to be the work of others; and the writers of the future who will find for their books a public that is the equal of the average European public in culture and humanism should not forget the fine work done by the Socialist pioneer, the Celtic Puritan who fought for the advent of the beautiful better than he knew.

On the other side of the question we see how England has influenced Shaw, England the absorbing, levelling, enveloping, England the lover of comfort and compromise, England the great middleman of all the life of Europe. We perceive a Shaw with his talons cut, his wings clipped, rendered no longer dangerous by success; his sincerity untarnished—for he is an artist still—but the sting taken out of nearly all his satire and diatribe by its ready acceptance. Shaw is a *fait accompli*. He has become a part of the English national life, yet his influence is still vigorous enough for many people to protest against it. His letters to *The Times* are printed regularly in large type. All the serious reviews are at his disposal if he has anything to say. His plays are presented without fuss or protest, just as if he were Sir Arthur Pinero or Henry Arthur Jones.

True, some of the old-fashioned journals pretend to think that he is still a negligible quantity. Some papers still pursue the stupid farce of treating him as an impertinent youngster, but it is to be doubted if any one really considers him a dangerous character now.

England has consumed his ideas, or some of them, and they were really not poisonous at all; only perhaps a trifle indigestible.

If we examine the ideas with which Shaw in the early 'nineties faced a London indifferent to his welfare, or even his existence, we find that they consisted mainly of notions that were coming into fruition just before his time. These ideas were created in the brain of a man of genius and astonished his first critics, who, had they been men of any sympathy, would have received them as arrivals whose advent they had already discerned;

for startling as the thoughts in the Shavian arsenal seemed, they were mainly negative ones. If we study the dramatic criticism written during the 'nineties and afterwards published as "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," we find the kind of drama and literature with which Shaw was surrounded. Two-thirds of the ideas expressed in the plays he was called upon to criticize meant nothing to him, for he arrived at his task with a vigorous mind, and owing no allegiance whatever to English tradition.

The type of play that a dramatic critic was called upon to notice in the 'nineties can be judged from such pieces as the "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," of Pinero; the "Triumph of the Philistines," by Henry Arthur Jones; "Fédora," of Sardou; Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "An Ideal Husband"; Irving's productions of Shakespeare at the Lyceum; and Wilkie Collins' "The New Magdalen" and "The Sign of the Cross"; also the productions of Maeterlinck, Echegaray, Ibsen, and other Continental dramatists, given in the usual obscure way in which plays by foreign men of genius are offered to the public.

To Shaw's mind nearly all the dramas which he was called upon to criticize week by week must have seemed a nightmare of pompous fatuities. With the exception of the work of our true native dramatists, such as Oscar Wilde, he must have felt that there was nothing really for him to criticise. He earned his salary on the *Saturday Review* by expressing, sometimes wittily, sometimes with great strain and labor, a destructive criticism that could have crystallized into one brief and brutal word. The "Saturday" criticisms were thought very severe at the time. Reading them again nowadays they seem extremely tolerant, generous, and full of compromise. Look at Shaw's judgment of Wilde's "Ideal Husband": "In a certain sense Mr. Wilde is to me our only thorough playwright. He plays with everything, with wit, with philosophy, with drama, with actors and audience, with the whole theatre. Mr. Wilde is arch-artist. . . . All the literary dogmas of the play, all the imperturbable good sense and good manners with which Mr. Wilde makes his wit pleasant to his comparatively stupid audiences," and so on; the only thing complained of is that the author makes one of his characters kick over a chair awkwardly. The criticism is so gentle that it is scarcely criticism at all. The aspiring dramatist of the 'nineties was so glad to find one brother artist working beside himself in a field otherwise all but desolate of dramatic talent that his criticism becomes quite sentimental in its approval.

Shaw took a good deal from Wilde both for the art of living and the technique of art. Wilde, we may say, was one of the few real literary figures of the age, one of the few men of genius of the time. The artistic connection between him and Shaw has never been fully perceived and understood. Criticism rather regards the two figures—the two most important literary beacons in England since the 'eighties—as standing poles apart in their relation to literature. Wilde is thought of as an apostle of beauty and romance; Shaw as an anti-romantic, a Puritan, a hater of those colored mirages represented by the poetical and æsthetic side of Wilde's art.

This point of view is a fair one, though it opens only upon a narrow vision of the lives and work of the two writers in question. Where the art of Wilde and the art of Shaw touch reality, where their manifestations come into existence from that elemental union of a detached æsthetic

spirit and a sensual palpitating world, we see how much akin are these two artists. Like strangers in a strange country are the Wilde who wrote the "Sphinx" and "Salome" and the Shaw who wrote the most Shavian of his plays, but almost brothers in arms are the creators of a modern English drama of which "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "You Never Can Tell" are types.

Since it will be impossible in the space of a comparatively short article to deal with the theatre of Shaw in any thorough way, it is my intention therefore to trace a few curves and movements in the art wave which brought Shaw to write his first play, "Arms and the Man," and to note some of the important points about the later plays. This is my reason for commenting on the *Saturday Review* criticisms and for introducing the personality of Wilde into this article.

For different and alien to each other as were the temperaments of Wilde and Shaw in the days when the famous Fabian must first have awakened to the influence of the author of "Intentions," it was certainly from the latter that Shaw secured his *point d'appui*. He learnt from Wilde how an artist must tackle modern life, by what kind of courtship its heart may be won. Those people to whom the psychology of the artist is a complete mystery—and they are many—have seen in the charlatanism of Wilde and Shaw, in their greed for *réclame*, in their cynicism, their fantasy, and their bravado, only the manipulations of born mountebanks and *poseurs*. They have never understood that their own stupidity forced men of genius to play the fool, to assume an attitude of mind that, far from being congenial to them, hurt their vanity in its tenderest place.

Had Wilde and Shaw been born in France and written under the shelter of a civilization more refined and older than our own, there would have been no need for them to play the charlatan and deliberately attitudinize, for no one would have found their ideas extraordinary or dangerous. In such an event their art would have been less violent and better ordered, more perfect in form and probably less vital in spirit.

Shaw soon learnt from men like Wilde and Whistler that an artist, if he wishes to influence his age, must be of his age. His practical senses must be as alert and responsive to the manners and labels of the time as his intelligence is to its ideas. It is as absurd to expect to become a literary personage by the means available for an author in the nineteenth century as it is to use the ideas and forms of that time. Shaw saw this, but it is surprising to note what a long time he took to perceive it. He was a shy and timid creature in those early days, and indeed now his assurance is only the gift to him of his contemporaries, exchanged for his own art and philosophy. Those early critics whose descendants to-day are prepared to write the same stupidities of the next comer of genius, thought that when Shaw told them he was a modest and retiring person he was perpetrating one of his usual Shavisms. The *naïveté* of the artist is incomprehensible to them. His sincerest and most child-like opinions are taken for sayings of the most crucial hypocrisy and cynicism. The celebrated speech made by the author of "Arms and the Man" on the fall of the curtain showed that Shaw had learnt the lesson his age had to teach him. He was then prepared to instruct as well as to amuse his age.

If we examine "Arms and the Man" as the starting-point of the English drama as Wilde left it, we find that

while it is philosophically deeper in instinct, it is in many ways retrograde and more trivial.

Shaw gives us none of those facile flippancies, those cheap social epigrams which disfigure the comedies of Wilde. One does not get this kind of thing:—

"The amount of women in London who flirt with their own husbands is perfectly scandalous. It looks so bad. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public."

We are not subjected to such a feeling of strain and triviality as epigrams such as that from "An Ideal Husband" afford. Shaw's characters, even in "Arms and the Man," are more serious people than the *personæ* of the Wilde comedies, even though their characterization is largely negative. If we analyze the folk in "Arms and the Man," we find first of all that Raina, the heroine, exists principally in order to show how absurd romanticism may be when it is carried too far. Raina was not a figure of contemporary life even at the time when "Arms and the Man" was produced. I do not know how intimate Mr. Shaw made himself with Bulgarian manners and fashions, but I should imagine that Raina owes more to Sir Walter Scott than to any close study of Balkan life. However, she is an exaggerated figure whose romantic feelings are purposely caricatured in order to provide a contrast to the social Erastianism of Bluntschli. Raina is really an image of the English tradition as it affects opinions or our love for heroism and romance, just as Bluntschli stands for Shaw himself, to whom all the hypocritical heroics of his heroine are so much humbugging nonsense. The drama, like nearly all the Shaw plays, is little more than criticism; not a criticism of life, but a criticism of English conventions. In "Arms and the Man" Shaw dramatized his old campaign in the *Saturday Review*.

"Arms and the Man" is like one of our typical romantic comedies written backward with the characterization of the usual people in the play inverted or accentuated. This was proved when, with a little correction, by a removal of the satire and most of the wit, "Arms and the Man" was converted into the great popular success of the "Chocolate Soldier." And indeed, in a way, the popularizers of this comedy were right, for it was the invention of the dramatic situations in the play, the entry of Bluntschli into Raina's bedroom, and the coining of the phrase the "Chocolate Soldier," rather than the criticisms of the English tradition, that gives the drama such value as it has.

The English tradition in matters of romance may seem hypocritical and absurd to those acquainted with the freer views of Continental life, but a drama that only criticises it and offers nothing in exchange does not possess the breath of life. Dramas are built out of sentiment and thought, out of intelligence and emotion. A play which is made up of thought and a mere negation of a certain type of sentiment is too unbalanced to endure. Of course it has the very novelty of the point of view that made the early Shaw plays so stimulating and exciting, but then some points of view are too difficult, too exacting to sustain. They demand too much exertion from him who uses them in the way of preserving a balance. They are too costly.

"Candida" is an attempt to make a drama in the Ibsen manner, to construct out of the roughness of everyday life an image of existence that shall be radiant with poetry. It is an attempt to follow the movings of the deepest instincts in the art of the Norwegian, to follow him in the very

poetic parts of his dramaturgy. In other dramas Mr. Shaw takes from his master less essential hints. In "Widowers' Houses," in "Major Barbara," in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" he uses social themes as the backgrounds of his plays, such as Ibsen sometimes employed. He introduced in these works the first samples of the crowd drama in our modern literature, while in "Candida" what he really sought to do was to write a play of the "Hedda Gabbler" type, a drama of emotion.

The result is curious, for Mr. Shaw's knowledge of the psychology of sex is mechanical rather than subtle or intuitive. A second-rate French novelist could give him lessons in this matter. "Candida," with its sermonizing parson, its peevish weakling of a poet, and its inhumanely noble heroine, remains little more than a joke, a brave attempt to probe into secrets of the heart that will only yield themselves to intuition and experience, but to neither singly. "Candida," it is to be noted, is called "A Mystery," and in the sense that it is a mystification perhaps it is a success. It seems as if the author had planned a dramatic stalemate, but to what dramatic purpose? It is true to art and life that Candida should elect to remain with her unctuous, sermonizing parson rather than elope with the futile poet, but if there is a point in her choice it is not brought out. A hint as to the irony of her position would illumine the whole play and turn it from a bad joke into a human drama, yet Candida, who understands everything and feels everything, is shown to us as content. It is as if Mr. Shaw had written a play to prove the verity of the maternal instinct in women towards their husbands and lovers, hitherto supposedly in doubt. But women cannot be summed up in the term maternal instinct, or, even if they can, it is undeniable that this same instinct will take some violently unmaternal forms. "Candida" leaves one with a disgust for every character in it, and one feels that the heroine herself, the far-seeing, the Madonna-like, the pure, the practical, the perceptional, is the most arrant humbug of them all. In this play one is compelled to think Mr. Shaw got out of his depth.

In "You Never Can Tell" he found security again. This is certainly one of his most successful dramas, for it strikes a happy balance between artificiality and reality, between the iconoclastic mocking spirit of its author and the objective on which it is focussed. "You Never Can Tell" approaches more closely in form, and to some extent in spirit, the conventional modern comedy, and its wit, its comical situations, are all the richer for the benefit of traditional support. It has an excellent plot, quite "well-made" and is written in a vein of high spirits. One looks to see it take its place in the repertory of modern English comedy, when some of the author's more elaborate plays, written with greater intensity maybe, but with much less sense of proportion, shall have been forgotten. It is much more reflective of the facts of the age in which it was written than of its ideas. With its curious mixture of Anglo-American slang, women's rights notions, and futurism, it is truly a comedy of the times.

The futuristic ideas of Mr. Shaw, which show a link of connection between him and the school of Marinetti, have not been much noticed, but what adjective other than futuristic can we apply to ideas such as the introduction of the dentist's operating chair on to the stage in "You Never Can Tell"; the fact of Bluntschli carrying chocolate creams in his knapsack in "Arms and the Man";

much of the cynical dialogue in Cæsar and Cleopatra and—to take an example from a much later play, the chase of the Emperor up the marble staircase by the lion in "Androcles and the Lion"?

Futurism, which is a logical and synthetic expression of the cynicism of the age that is a necessary counterpart to its sensualism, its naturalism, and paganism, was a real force before Signor Marinetti used it as the motive power of his manifestoes. It is a result of the pleasure-loving spirit of the times, of the wave of material Epicureanism and luxury which is flowing over Europe. This, it is to be noticed, is another of the points at which Mr. Shaw touches modern life, only in this case he was probably quite unaware of the futuristic ideas in his art, in many other particulars so serious, so professorial, so respectable, in the earnestness of its revolutionary propaganda.

It is not easy to criticise a writer of the powers of Mr. Shaw at the present time, when he has been so long in the glare of the public that nearly everything about him that could be said has already been said. A critic writing at this time can only attempt to gather, in a fleeting and capricious glance at his plays, some of the ideas that remain still entangled in them.

One has noticed, for instance, the starting-point of his art, to which he was brought partly as a result of his nausea with contemporary drama and partly by his admiration for Ibsen, and his sympathy—more unconscious than conscious—for the plays of Wilde.

The futuristic feeling in some of the dramas I have already drawn attention to. "The crowd drama" idea remains to be examined.

It is quite a modern development of drama that the actions of the characters in any play should take place against a background of social ideas and events. There is always and necessarily in every kind of play an imaginative background across which the people of the drama pass and repass, drawing luminosity from its shadow and intensifying with their momentary energy its fluid and pervasive gloom.

In musical comedy it is the world of fashion and conventional gaiety in whose atmosphere the white-ducked hero and parasolled tripping heroine carry themselves and their light jests.

In the old Greek drama it was the gods under whose shadow the white figures of the tragedy moved like the rhythmic cameos on one of the Hellenic friezes.

In the Middle Ages, with the mystery and religious plays, it was against the background of a dogmatic Christianity that the friar begged his way, the knight jousted, the minstrel sang, or the maiden loved.

But nowadays it would seem as if it were the people, as if it were society itself, which provided the background for those of its children momentarily forced into dramatic prominence by the hand of a playwright. For it is true that one of the most vital religions of to-day is the worship by the people of the idea of themselves, glorified under the hypostasis of socialism or social reform ideas.

Mr. Shaw was the first dramatist writing in English to introduce the "crowd drama" among us. "Widowers' Houses" is his first clear example of it, though in every one of the plays which preceded this drama on the subject of slum landlordism we find suggestions of the modern "play within a play" method—tributes these to Karl Marx, to Rousseau, in fact, to European self-consciousness.

In the large sense, and employing a method of criticism less personal to Shaw than one of either mere percep-

tion of artistic merit or distribution of fault-finding, this introduction by him into the modern English drama of society, conscious and alert, is one of the most important things in his art. It would be interesting to trace back the origins from which he took it, to note its appearance in Hauptmann and Ibsen, and to follow it still further into the sociological metaphysics of the Marxian school. But in the space of a few thousand words it must suffice merely to remark it. There is scarcely one of his plays that is not loaded with the weight of it. In "Major Barbara" we find it; in "Man and Superman"; in "Getting Married"; in "The Doctor's Dilemma." A whole new school of dramatic art has taken root from its seed, for in nearly all the dramas of Granville Barker, Stanley Houghton, Galsworthy, and St. John Hankin we find that the characters move not before the smiling conservatism of a society that takes itself for granted, but are rather exhilarated, sometimes terrified, by the vast unrest of a society so disturbed that it allows them to live but the smallest part of their lives in peace and serenity.

"Man and Superman" is usually considered the most important play in the Shaw theatre. Certainly it is the most ambitious, but apart from the fine *tour de force* of the third act, the drama is much less successful than many of the others planned on a simpler scale. The central idea is one which belongs to the psychology of sex; but Mr. Shaw's knowledge of this subject is, I have suggested, limited and mechanical.

The theorem put before us to be solved in the play's four acts is that woman is the pursuer in the battle of sex and man the pursued. That there is some truth in this rough statement we all know, but the attraction and opposition of the sexes is much too subtle a thing to be enclosed in any such dogmatic proposition. We find here the same feeling of fatuity that "Candida" gives us. Why such display, why such fury to prove so evident and incomplete a fact? we are inclined to ask. We feel Ann and Tanner are the victims of an obsession. More valuable as a contribution to our dramatic literature is the creation of 'Enry Straker, as popular opinion, with its curious way of divining truths without knowing why, has proved.

In the plays that succeeded "Man and Superman" Mr. Shaw became more personal and followed his inclinations more fully. As a consequence he gave us in "Getting Married" a drama largely dialectical and discursive.

In his last mood of all, the mood in which he wrote "Androcles" and "Great Catherine" he seems to have gone back to an earlier method of his own. He gives us something of the old conciseness and force of "You Never Can Tell," but the wit and humor are more naïve and ingenuous.

In about twenty-five years this Irish dramatist has so impressed English comedy and drama with his personality that there is scarcely a playwright who has not shown in some form or another his influence. And this may seem strange when we reflect that his central, intuitive intention was mainly a negative one. Yet that is not so easy an accomplishment. It implies that to effect it a man must have that objectivity which is the artist's birthright, the gift to rediscover the soul of a people whose moods are always changing, to feel a fashion in the heart before its vagaries decorate the body.

Edward Storer.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT AND THE MANDATE FOR THE UNION.

The methods by which the destruction of the Irish Parliament, which Mr. Gladstone once characterized as the blackest and foulest transaction in the history of man, was compassed have been stigmatized not merely by the opponents, but by the friends of that measure. To cite the opinions of two protagonists for the maintenance of the Union, Professor Dicey and Mr. Lecky, "The miserable tale," writes Professor Dicey, "of the transactions which carried the Treaty of Union teaches at least one indisputable lesson—the due observance of legal formalities will not induce a people to pardon what they deem to be acts of tyranny, made all the more hateful by their combination with deceit." Mr. Lecky is no less emphatic in his condemnation of the means by which the Union was carried. "The arrangement of the Union was," he writes, "as it was carried, a crime of the deepest turpitude—a crime which, by imposing with every circumstance of infamy a new form of government on a reluctant and protesting nation, has vitiated the whole course of Irish history." "The sacrifice of Irish nationality," he says, "was extorted by the most enormous corruption in the history of representative institutions." Again, "Mr. Pitt destroyed the Irish Parliament by the most lavish corruption in the Parliamentary history of the Empire."

"As the defenders of the Union are urging that the present Parliament has no mandate for the establishment of an Irish Legislature, and that the question of Home Rule must once more be submitted to the electorate, who have already thrice emphatically pronounced in its favor, it may, perhaps, be of interest to inquire whether the Irish Parliament had a mandate for the carrying of the Union. Sir William Anson thus enunciates the modern theory of the mandate—"According to some political thinkers," he writes, "no novel or important legislative measure ought to be introduced to Parliament unless it had been brought prominently to the notice of the constituencies at a General Election. . . . The question was frequently raised in regard to the Parliament of 1900, which was returned, as alleged, to enable the Unionist Government to conclude the war in South Africa, but which was afterwards invited to pass, and did pass, important Bills dealing with education and licensing. It is enough to state the theory without further comment. The chiefs of a party can always guard themselves against the charge of acting without a mandate by an extension of their programme to include all the matters on which they desire to legislate, and unless the referendum is to become part of the law of the land it is necessary that the electors must repose some general confidence in those whom they send to represent them."

There was no mandate for the passing by the Irish Parliament of the Act of Union. The Irish Parliament, which was elected when there was no question of a Union, transferred its own rights and the rights of its constituents to another Legislature, and the Act was accomplished without any appeal to the electors by a dissolution. In the Scottish Union debates it was strongly urged that the members of the Scottish Parliament had no moral competence to destroy their Legislature. The objection was met by the statement that the last Scottish Parliament was summoned by proclama-

tion intimating that it was to treat of a Union, and that "being sent up for that declared purpose by their constituents there remained no occasion to demand any other instructions from them." In the debate in the Irish House of Commons in January, 1799, when the question of the Union was first submitted to consideration, the case of the Scottish Union was thus distinguished by Mr. Crookshank from the case of the contemplated Irish Union. "I deny that the Parliament of an Independent State for which the members of that Parliament are trustees has any right whatever without the permission of its constituents, expressly and implicitly given for that purpose, to surrender to another country the whole or any part of its legislative authority. . . . This power can never on principle or precedent be intended to belong to the representatives of the people but by express or implied delegation, and so strongly were the British Ministers in the reign of Anne impressed with this great constitutional principle that in preparing for the Union of England and Scotland they felt it necessary to declare in the proclamation for convening the Scottish Parliament that they were called together for the purpose of arranging and settling the Treaty of Union then in contemplation, reasonably concluding that an election of representatives after such an avowal of the intended project must be considered as permission to discuss and finally decide upon that question." The Parliament of Ireland by which the Union was carried was elected at the General Election of 1797, at which there was not the remotest hint that a measure for the destruction of the Irish Parliament was included in the Government programme of legislature. On October 10th, 1798, the following paragraph appeared in *Faulkner's Journal*, the principal Government organ in Ireland, whose proprietor was a Mr. John Giffard, who was in constant communication with the Dublin Castle authorities, and was the holder of the highly lucrative position in the Irish Customs of Accountant-General, as well as the recipient of a large Government subsidy towards the upkeep of his newspaper. "A most insidious and unadvised rumor of an intended Union with Great Britain had been set afloat by the Jacobin prints of this city, in order to do the little mischief that remains in their power to achieve. . . . Perilous and perplexed would be the discussion of so momentous a question at any period, but at this time of convulsion (the allusion is to the insurrection of 1798) the dangers with which it would be attended are too fearful for contemplation." A month later (November 17th) the same newspaper expressed its entire disbelief in the rumor of a Union which English and Irish newspapers, "chiefly those of 'Jacobinical complexion,'" had for some time past been disseminating, but ten days afterwards (November 27th), it inserted a notice which had appeared in the *Times* of November 22nd, stating that a Union would be brought forward, and added that it had reason to believe that paragraph to be true.

So much for the "mandate" of the Irish Parliament for the carrying of the Union, which at the General Election of 1797 was not even in the contemplation of statesmen who were well aware of the deep-rooted hostility of the Irish people to any measure of the kind. Some striking instances of the knowledge of that hostility possessed by statesmen who were themselves favorable to a Union are worthy of record.

A report having gained circulation in Dublin in 1759 that the Irish Parliament contemplated the passing of an Act of Union with Great Britain, the populace became riotous and be-

set the entrance to the House of Commons. The Viceroy's Secretary, Richard Rigby, came forth and assured them that there were no grounds for their apprehensions. The people, however, who knew his character, refused to take his word, and Mr. Ponsonby, the Speaker, was obliged to go out and pacify them. It was only when Rigby had made a declaration from his place in the House of Commons that if a Bill of Union were brought in he himself would vote against it, that the tumult subsided and the crowds dispersed. The riot was, perhaps, the most furious ever known in Dublin. The populace placed an old woman on the woolsack in the House of Lords, searched for the journals which they desired to burn, stopped the carriages and killed the horses of the Members, insulted the Lord Chancellor and some of the bishops, erected a column on which they intended to hang an obnoxious politician, and compelled all who fell into their hands to swear that they would oppose the measure.

At the close of the Viceroyalty of Earl Harcourt, in 1776, Lord Rochford was willing to succeed him in the position if he should be authorized to attempt to carry into operation two great measures—Catholic Emancipation and a Legislative Union. Lord Harcourt said there would not be much difficulty in the removal of religious disability, but that the project of a Union was fraught with great though not insurmountable difficulties. "No Union," he said, "should be attempted unless the wish came from Ireland." In 1785 Wilberforce, in the British House of Commons and Lord Lansdowne, in the British House of Lords, spoke of a Legislative Union as the best relation for the two countries, but pronounced it to be impracticable, as Ireland would never consent. In a speech delivered in the British House of Lords on April 11th, 1799, Dr. Watson, the distinguished chemist and divine, who was Bishop of Llandaff, made this remarkable statement: "In writing to the Duke of Rutland about that time (1785) I perfectly well remember having said, 'You and your friend, the Minister of England, would immortalize your characters if you could accomplish by honorable means and on equitable terms a Legislative Union between the two Kingdoms.' His answer to this suggestion was so singular that I shall never forget it. It was to this effect: he wholly approved of the measure, but added the man who should attempt to carry the measure into execution would be tarred and feathered."

Lord Clare, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in his speech in the Irish House of Lords on February 10th, 1800, a year after the proposition for the Union had first been brought forward in the Irish Parliament by the Government, said "I make no scruple to avow that in every communication which I have had with the King's Ministers during the last seven years I have uniformly and distinctly pressed on them the necessity of Union as the last resource to preserve this country to the British Crown. I pressed it without effect till British Ministers and the British nation were aroused to a sense of the common danger by the late sanguinary and unprovoked rebellion." Lord Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant, in whose Viceroyalty the Union was carried, knew well the detestation in which that measure was held by the Irish people. He arrived in Ireland in June, 1798. The first allusion to the Union in his correspondence is a letter to Pitt of July 20th, 1798, in which he says: "How or when to bring forward or even broach the great points of ultimate settlement (*i.e.*, Union) is a matter in which I can-

not see the most distant encouragement."

When the project of the Union was first introduced in the Irish Parliament it was defeated, although there had been a shameless traffic in votes, and several gentlemen who had refused to support the measure, including Sir John Parnell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. James Fitzgerald, the Prime Serjeant, had been dismissed from their offices. The Irish Parliament met on January 22nd, 1799. On January 21st, 1799, on the eve of its meeting, the Lord-Lieutenant thus unbosomed himself in a "secret" letter to his intimate friend, General Ross: "Here I am embarked on all my troubles, and employed on a business ill-suited to my taste, and for which I am afraid I am not qualified. We think ourselves tolerably strong in numbers, but so little confidence is to be placed in professions, and people change their opinions here with so little ceremony that no man who knows them can put himself quite at ease on that subject. The demands of our friends rise in proportion to the appearance of strength on the other side, and you who know how I detest a 'job,' will be sensible of the difficulties which I must often have to keep my temper, but still the object is great, and perhaps the salvation of the British Empire may depend on it. I shall, therefore, as much as possible, overcome my detestation of the work on which I am engaged." What this "work" was has been thus described by Mr. (Lord Chancellor) Plunket, speaking in the Irish House of Commons in opposition to the Union the day after this letter was written. His words, which could not be challenged, prove the absence of a mandate from the people to the Irish Parliament to pass the Union, and were spoken at a time when the atrocities of the French Revolution were vivid realities. "I am bold to say that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses to which anarchy and atheism have given birth, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of the cause of civilized Europe against a friend and ally in the hour of her calamity and distress—at a moment when our country is filled with British troops, when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued and exhausted by their efforts to subdue the rebellion—efforts in which they had succeeded before these troops had arrived, whilst the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended, whilst trials by courts-martial are carrying on in many parts of this Kingdom, whilst the people are taught to think they have no right to deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears and worn down by their exertions that even this vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy—at a moment when we are disturbed by domestic dissensions, dissensions artfully kept alive as the pretext of our present subjection, and the instrument of our future thraldom." "The country," said Lord Plunket, "is filled with British troops." Before the English Government ventured to propose the Union, they passed an Act giving a bounty of £10 to every Irish Militiaman who would enlist for foreign service. This appeared to be an Act influenced only by the desire to invite Irish valor to the defence of the Empire in its foreign wars. Ten regiments of Irish Militia accepted the bounty and volunteered for foreign service. They were instantly replaced by ten English regiments, so that it is manifest that it was not for the purpose of taking troops abroad that this was done. While England was engaged in a desperate Continental struggle, Ireland was held

by 130,000 armed men—troops that had free quarters on the people, and on whose use of that privilege it is unnecessary to dwell. This step was taken to secure that there should be no effective protests against the destruction of the Parliament of Ireland by its Members, of whom seven only who voted for the Union were unbribed. Mr. Richard Lovell Edgworth, the father of Maria Edgworth, the well-known novelist, both spoke and voted in the Irish House of Commons against the Union. "I am a Unionist," he wrote to his friend, Erasmus Darwin, "but I vote and speak against the Union now proposed to us. . . . It is intended to force the measure down the throats of the Irish though five-sixths of the nation are against it. Now, though I think such a Union as would identify the nations so that Ireland should be as Yorkshire to Great Britain an excellent thing, yet I also think that the good people of Ireland ought to be *persuaded* of this truth and not be dragooned into submission. The Minister avows that seventy-two boroughs are to be compensated—that is, bought by the people of Ireland with one million and a half of their own money, and he makes this legal by a small majority made up chiefly of these very borough members. When twenty-eight county members out of sixty-four are against the measure, and twenty-eight counties out of thirty-two have petitioned against it, this is such abominable corruption that it makes our Parliamentary sanction worse than ridiculous."

In January, 1799, when the proposal of a Union was rejected by the Irish House of Commons, the Government actually scoffed at the idea of the wishes of the country being considered in the matter. A few days after the defeat of the Union, the Duke of Portland, as the medium of communication between the Irish Government and the British Cabinet, wrote to Lord Castlereagh: "It seems as if the cry of Dublin had carried away many gentlemen whose interests in all respects must be benefited by a Union, and I have seen with some surprise, as well as with real concern, a deference expressed for the opinion of constituents which I conceive to have been as unnecessary as it is entirely unconstitutional." Lord Cornwallis, in a letter written in the same year, shows clearly that not merely the people at large, but the Members of the House of Commons itself were opposed to the measure. "The clamor out of doors is chiefly to be apprehended as furnishing the Members with a plausible pretext for acting in conformity with their own private feelings."

In order to understand the circumstances under which the Irish House of Commons, which showed itself proof against corruption in 1799 by rejecting the Union proposal, passed the Union in the following year, the constitution of that House must be understood. It consisted of three hundred Members. Of these the Members for the Counties, numbering sixty-four, and the Members for twelve Cities and Boroughs, returning each two Members, were elected by a semblance of popular choice. There were thus only eighty-eight Members of that House chosen by popular vote; the remaining two hundred and twelve were nominated by the patrons of nomination boroughs or returned by an influence equivalent to nomination. In 1800 the Union scheme was amended by a proposal to compensate patrons of nomination boroughs for the loss of their "property" on the scale of £7,500 for each seat in the Irish House of Commons of which they were the "owners," while, according to the code of honor which then prevailed both in England and Ireland, the Members for nomination boroughs who were un-

willing to vote as their patrons directed considered themselves bound to accept nominal offices such as the Escheatorship of Munster, equivalent to the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds in England, and thus vacate their seats, which were at once filled by staunch Unionists, in some instances by English and Scotsmen wholly unconnected with Ireland. Between the close of the former session in July, 1799, and March, 1800, no fewer than sixty-three Members out of a House of three hundred had vacated their seats in this manner, and more than a fifth of the whole representatives of Ireland had been changed —Unionists taking the place of anti-Unionists, and thus the Union was carried. "Here," said Grattan, "is a Parliament made by the Minister, not the people, and made for the Union. Under these circumstances, and in opposition to the declared sense of the country, has been passed a measure imposing on the people a new constitution, and subverting the old one." Mr. Speaker Foster, the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, in a speech delivered in Committee, described the account of this transaction which a future "historian" who "had not our means of knowledge" was likely to give. He would say that when the scheme was first proposed the nation revolted against it and Parliament rejected it, but the Minister persevered, that "without a dissolution he changed by the operation of the Place Bill a great part of the House of Commons." The Government not only showed no desire to consult the wishes of the people; but it even strenuously labored to separate their representatives from their influence. "The Union," writes Lecky, "which swept away a Parliament which had existed for centuries was carried without a dissolution, without any reference to the voice of the people." It is a memorable fact, indicating the power of the Tory reaction which followed the French Revolution, that when Irish Liberals and English Whig statesmen urged that a question of this kind ought to be brought before the nation by a dissolution their doctrine was again and again denounced as the most palpable and flagrant Jacobinism. In the Irish House of Commons, on March 13th, 1800, a motion was made by Sir John Parnell for an Address to the King, asking that a new Parliament should be convoked before any fresh arrangement for Union was adopted. Sir Lawrence Parsons said in the debate on this motion that, well as he knew the immense influence exercised by the Crown in the choice of Members, he was prepared to take issue on the result of an election. The Government succeeded in defeating the motion by one hundred and fifty to one hundred and four. In the British House of Commons the Opposition could obtain only thirty votes upon a motion to pray the King to suspend his Ministers' proceedings until the sentiments of the people of Ireland should be obtained.

The late Right Honorable John Thomas Ball, a former Member in the House of Commons for Dublin University in the Unionist interest, and subsequently Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in his *Irish Legislative Systems*, written towards the close of his life, makes this naïve reply to the question, Should there have been a dissolution of the Irish Parliament before the passing of the Act of Union? "There remains," he writes, "the question, Ought the power to have been exercised without a dissolution of Parliament so as to enable the electors to express an opinion on the proposed enactments? To lay down that the House of Commons ought not to adopt any new measure without appealing to the electoral body would reduce its

position to that of a congress of agents for special purposes who must continually take the direction of their principals. But on the present occasion there was more than novelty and importance, there was also a great change of opinion between 1799 and 1800. The Members of Parliament who, in the former year opposed it and in the latter voted for the Union, might have been elected because of their first opinions. Of these topics had the constitution of the House of Commons been such as to render it representative of the people it would have been difficult to evade the force, but as it was, the House most imperfectly reflected public opinion. The number of open seats did not amount to half the number of close ones. There is no reason to think that upon a dissolution the balance of power would have been altered, for in the boroughs and small constituencies the Ministers had gained over a sufficient number of proprietors and persons of influence to turn the scale in favor of their views, or if not what was deficient could have been procured."

A dissolution of the Irish Parliament before the Union would, however, have given the free constituencies an opportunity of testifying their abhorrence of the measure. Mr. Lecky, in the last volume of his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, has answered by anticipation the question: Had the Irish Parliament a mandate for the Union? "The measure," he writes, "was an English one, introduced prematurely, before it had been demanded by any section of Irish opinion, carried without a dissolution and by gross corruption in opposition to the majority of the free constituencies and to the great preponderance of the unbribed intellect of Ireland."

J. G. Swift MacNeill.

The Contemporary Review.

THE RAVENS.

I.

For such a rising, flourishing, thoroughly go-ahead place as Mallington the municipal buildings were a standing disgrace. They were old, small, mean, and inconvenient. They had not even a real antiquity to recommend them. The town-hall itself had been built in the reign of Farmer George; the other buildings had been added from time to time as the growth of the population made such additions absolutely necessary, and very little regard had been paid to congruity.

For a long time it had been generally recognized that this prominent eyesore must be removed and something put in its place that should be worthy of the town; but as soon as any definite plan was brought forward, a perfect storm of controversy raged. The scale of the new buildings, the cost, the style—all these matters formed the subject of long and often acrimonious debate, so that for many years after the project was first mooted nothing came of it except words and a fierce quarrel between two parties on the town council—the economists, headed by the mayor, Sir William Gross, and the men of taste, whose leader was himself a local architect, John Raven by name. Unfortunately, Mr. Raven was deplorably hot-tempered, and his reputation had become clouded in his later years, while his opponents openly, but unfairly, declared that his zeal for a new town-hall was really prompted by his desire to secure the job. It was not till after the death of both the protagonists that the quarrel was patched

up and—a decent interval having passed—a new scheme was elaborated, which was supported with something like unanimity. By this time the growing prosperity of Mallington had removed the fears and scruples of the more rigorous economists, and it was generally felt that a handsome building would be not only an ornament to the town, but a good investment as well. A sum of £40,000 was fixed as the maximum expenditure, and it was further decided to invite at least six architects to send in competing designs. A heavy fee commanded the services of Sir Summers Lyle as assessor and adviser to the corporation, and one of his duties was to select the architects who should be asked to compete.

II.

Paul Vallance was the only son of a country doctor, a shrewd, competent man who was hard-headed without being hard-hearted. For more than thirty years he had lived at Shrewsbury, and had built up an excellent practice which he looked upon as his son's natural inheritance. It was a great disappointment when he found that his boy's tastes ran along quite different lines. At school the lad shone neither in classics nor in mathematics. As for natural science, it excited in him not the slightest interest. On the other hand, he was hardly ever without a pencil in his fingers, and he won the drawing prizes with a monotonous regularity. Old buildings and ancient brasses were his favorite hobbies, and it was no easy task to drag him past a fine building. Dr. Vallance remembered that his wife's grandfather had been an R.A., and with a sigh he declared that he would not kick against the pricks. So Paul came up to London, entered the offices of Messrs. Burden & Cramp, and soon made his way into the Academy schools, where he spent most of his evenings. His success showed that no mistake had been made. At the end of his three years' pupillage he was very nearly if not quite the best draughtsman in the office, and at the Academy he won a travelling scholarship.

He came back, a fine handsome young man, with sketch-books and portfolios that bore witness to his industry as well as to his talents, and smoothed his way into a first-class office as an improver. When he had been there nearly three years he received, to his astonishment, an invitation to dine with his principal. Mr. Ashton's ordinary manner was so frigid and reserved that such a sudden advance seemed almost unintelligible. He went, however, and found that in his own bachelor's flat the distinguished architect was another man—genial, humorous, and cordial. Over their cigars he disclosed the reason for the invitation.

"I daresay, Vallance," he began abruptly, "you've been astonished at my asking you like this. At business I'm rather an effigy. I don't know exactly how it is, myself—habit, I suppose. As soon as I leave Bloomsbury I begin to thaw. Down there I suppose I should find it difficult to tell you that I've been very pleased with your work ever since you came to me. In fact I've taken quite a fancy to you. Well now, a day or two ago I had a letter from your father. He tells me that he's written on his own, without saying anything to you about it; and if he hadn't told me, I should have known it was so by your ingenuous face. He puts it very nicely, but the gist of it is—do I think there would be any chance for you to buy yourself into a decent partnership? I've told him that I think there would—at a price—but that I'd have a talk with you myself. Now I'm going to be perfectly frank. There's no one to fol-

low me here, and I could do with a partner myself. But, as you know, I'm a particular man. You're a splendid draughtsman and you're capital at detail, but that isn't all. I'd like to see you tackle a biggish thing for yourself. Curiously enough, there's a chance just come my way, and yours, too, I think, if you like to take it. I don't know whether you've ever been to Mallington. They're putting up some new municipal buildings—not before they want them. It's a forty-thousand job. I've got a sort of connection with the place, because my first billet was with a Mallington man—old John Raven. A rare good man he was too, if only he could have kept his temper, and his hands off the bottle. There's a big church of his at Stenton that's simply wonderful for the time when he did it. And some of his country-houses are pretty well perfect of their kind. He'd big ideas, too, if he'd had a chance and a stiffer backbone. Well, they seem to have remembered me, and they've asked me, through Lyle, to compete. It isn't my sort of thing, and I don't care much about competitions; but if you like, I'll try to pass on the invitation to you—I think Lyle will do it for me. Then you can take your holiday down there at once, and have a good look round—there's a lot in that. Of course you'll have some tartars against you, but it'll be a rare chance to show your mettle. And I'll say this: if you pull it off, I'll offer you a partnership—of sorts, of course—without a penny out of your father's pocket. There, that's the offer—no, you needn't say 'Thank you.' It's only an intelligent selfishness, and besides, you mayn't pull it off, you know."

"If I were to, it would only be by picking your brains," said Paul.

"I don't care whose brains you pick as long as you pull it off," answered the other; "the offer stands."

III.

Mallington was big enough and prosperous enough to boast of a Metropole, and the Metropole was very proud of its chef. But, though the tariff was really, as the advertisement said, "strictly moderate," Paul Vallance realized in twenty-four hours that the big showy hotel was about the last place for a man on his errand. What he wanted was a quiet little lodging where he could think and plan without disturbance or distraction. As it happened, his father had been able to give him a letter of introduction to the vicar of one of the churches. It occurred to the young man that a clergyman would be very likely to know of such a lodging as he required. Accordingly, he presented his letter and asked the question.

Mr. Stoneham opened a drawer and took out a small notebook.

"It's a question I'm often asked," he said—"so often, that I keep a little list. Yes; here we are. Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Clowson—they are both biggish houses—Mrs. Douglas—that's a boarding-house."

"I'd rather go to a small house if it is reasonably comfortable. I would prefer to be the only lodger."

"Why then, here's just the thing—stupid of me not to have thought of it at once. Mrs. Baxter. She's a widow in reduced circumstances; quite a lady, but her husband died soon after she was married, and left her with a child to bring up and not too well provided for. It's a nice little house, and I'm sure you'd be comfortable."

So Paul wrote down the address, and went at once to investigate.

"I hope the baby isn't a screamer," he said to himself.

He was very pleased with the appearance and position of The Gables. It was a pretty little red-brick house

with a tiled roof, standing in a beautifully kept garden, and, though some distance away, commanding an excellent view of the doomed municipal buildings. Mrs. Baxter was a pale, thin woman, with an air and appearance of refinement that was borne out by her manner of speaking. The rooms were pleasant and everything was beautifully clean; even the small servant who opened the door was a pattern of neatness. In five minutes the bargain was struck.

"I'm rather a light sleeper," he said, as she showed him out: "does the baby cry much?"

"The baby! What baby?" she asked, evidently in great astonishment.

"I—I understood you had one," he stammered.

"I have only one child," she answered, "and she is just twenty."

IV.

Paul was naturally energetic, and as soon as he was settled at The Gables he fell to with amazing industry and zest. Besides the data with which he, in common with the other competitors, had been supplied, he took measurements, examined the arrangements of the old buildings, considered in detail the surroundings, and then began to plan for himself, and to make rough sketches. The French windows of his sitting-room opened into the garden, and when Mrs. Baxter suggested that he would find it pleasanter to work out of doors in the shade, he tried the experiment, and found it such a success that he often repeated it.

It was his landlady's custom to present herself, each morning, immediately after breakfast, for a discussion as to the day's meals. On the third morning—it was a Saturday—after the discussion was finished, she said,

"I am going away till Monday, but my daughter will see to everything for you."

By this time they were on friendly terms, and she added, with a smile, "my baby, you know."

He laughed.

"That *was* a ridiculous mistake of mine!" he said.

He repeated the remark to himself the next morning and with added emphasis, when the door opened, after breakfast, and the baby appeared. She was a tall girl, dark like her mother, but with a delicacy of feature and a vivacity of expression that were all her own.

Instinctively Paul stood up, and then was vexed with himself as he remembered that he had always remained seated when her mother visited him.

"Good morning, Mr. Vallance," the girl said. His sensitive ear noticed with pleasure a singularly musical voice. "I think you told mother that you would have the cold beef for dinner. Something dreadful has happened. It's gone naughty during the night. I ought to have remembered that it might turn, when it was so thundery last night. Then I could have got something else in. I am so sorry. Do you think you could put up with an omelette and a salad? The sweets will be all right, of course."

She looked so distressed that Paul felt ashamed—of what, he hardly knew.

"There's nothing I like better than an omelette," he answered her, "but I've often made a good dinner on bread and cheese."

She came in again after tea.

"Could you put up with another omelette—a different kind—for supper?" she asked.

If it's anything like the first one, I shall be in clover," he answered.

After supper he sat in semi-dark-

ness by the open window, busy with thoughts of the great design he as yet could only see in parts, not as a perfect whole. Commanding as it was in position, the site was in some respects very awkward. If he used almost the whole of it, as he seemed bound to do, in order to secure the required accommodation, he could not see how to secure the balance and harmony of design without which he would only be repeating the old failure. As he leaned back, absorbed in the problem, the piano in the next room struck up. The windows of that room, too, led into the garden, but now they were closed. He wished they were open, for he was passionately fond of music, though with no great knowledge or executive ability. But he knew in a moment that the player was a real musician, and he guessed that it was Beethoven who was speaking. As he listened, the music seemed in some strange fashion to enter into his thoughts—sound translated into form. All his difficulties vanished. It was as though the slaves of the lamp in myriads were toiling for him and rearing under his eyes vast buildings each more magnificent than its predecessor. Nay, there was no hint of toil. It was rather as if the mighty structures rose, full-grown, from magic seed. Then suddenly the music stopped, and all the aery palaces vanished into darkness.

The next day, at the earliest opportunity, Paul asked Mrs. Baxter whether her daughter were musical.

"Why, yes," she answered, as though the fact were notorious. "She's been working at it since she left school. She got her L.R.A.M. last year, and she's beginning to get a connection as a teacher."

"I wonder whether she'd play again sometimes in the evening. Last night it seemed to put new life into me when I was worrying over my plans."

"Of course she will," answered Mrs. Baxter. "To-night, if you like."

And Paul intimated that he would like it—very much indeed.

V.

Three days afterwards—on Thursday evening about nine o'clock, to be precise—Paul Vallance and Cecily Baxter were engaged to be married.

It was hasty, no doubt, and terribly rash; Paul himself was ready to admit it. But then the young man was undoubtedly impulsive, and Love is a sad tyrant. As for the young lady, she, too, must have been impulsive; indeed, as far as prudence and commonsense are concerned, there was nothing to choose between them. Mrs. Baxter was outwardly perturbed, almost to tears, but in her heart she was conscious of a rebellious joy. She had liked the young man from the very first. He was a gentleman, and she felt sure he was clever. Her painful experience of genteel poverty had made her eager that her daughter should be free from fear of quarter-day and the dread of the tradesman's bill. Her own father had been an architect, and it seemed to her distinctly providential that a young architect should have fallen in love with Cecily. But she felt the call of *noblesse oblige*, and she insisted that the young man should take his father and mother into his confidence at once.

"There must be no concealment of any kind," she declared, "and you must tell them that unless they give their consent I shall never give mine."

To this ultimatum Cecily also subscribed, so that Paul was left with no alternative, if the engagement were to stand. The very next day he went to Shrewsbury and told his news.

He fully expected astonishment, dismay, and opposition, and he found all the three. But he was, and knew

himself to be, a great favorite, and he stuck manfully to his guns.

"Is she a lady, my dear boy?" asked Mrs. Vallance. "Her mother lets lodgings. You can't wonder at our feeling anxious."

"No," he answered, "I don't. But you needn't worry about that. Cecily's father was a solicitor, and her grandfather was an architect. The father died when Cecily was quite a child and naturally he hadn't had time to make a fortune. Mr. Stoneham told me that; father can write and ask him."

Then the conversation turned to ways and means.

"You'd be handicapping yourself terribly," said his father. "You know what you're making now, and I'm afraid you'll find it very uphill work for a long time."

"Not if I pull off this Mallington job," said Paul boldly; "you know what Ashton has said."

"Yes, but the 'if' is a big one," answered his father. "I don't know much about architecture, but I'm sure a competition like that takes a lot of winning."

Paul took up a photograph he had laid on the table.

"I've won *this*," he said stoutly, "and I don't see why I shouldn't win *that*."

Dr. Vallance looked over his son's shoulder.

"It's a fine face," he admitted, "and it looks a good one. If it's a decent likeness, there's some excuse for you."

"It doesn't half do her justice!" the lover cried. "If you were to see her, you'd say there was no need for excuses."

After this, the end soon came. If Mr. Stoneham's reply were satisfactory, and if Paul won the competition, the new daughter would be welcomed. That was the final understanding.

The young man waited till the vicar's letter swept away the first of the "ifs," and then hurried back to Mallington to make an end of the second.

VI.

Paul returned to The Gables in high spirits. The artistic temperament was his, with the quick ebb and flow of exaltation and depression. Fresh from what he looked upon as one great victory, his hopes of another almost amounted to a feeling of certainty. Of itself, the prize was a splendid one, but now that it would bring with it Cecily and a partnership, he simply *must* win it. Within an hour of his return he had his drawing-board out and was hard at work. He had an idea at last for the general design, and he was eager to see it in black and white. He took his meals now with Mrs. Baxter and Cecily, and when he went in to supper he showed them the first rough sketch. He was pleased with it himself, and they were enthusiastic.

"It does bring back old times," said Mrs. Baxter, "I can remember so well my poor father—the way he used to pull out an envelope or a scrap of paper and make little sketches on them as he sat at dinner—I've seen him do it on the edge of the newspaper. Lovely little things they were, some of them."

"Mr. Paul ought to see some of grandfather's buildings," said Cecily. There had been a controversy over the name. The young man had declared that he would only answer to "Paul"; Mrs. Baxter had suggested that for the present "Mr. Vallance" was the proper form. Finally they had compromised on "Mr. Paul."

"Yes, I should like to, very much," he said, but without any great zest.

"There's the church at Stenton," remarked Mrs. Baxter—"that's been very much admired."

"Stenton!" exclaimed Paul, waking

up at once to keen interest. "Why, Mr. Ashton was telling me about that. You don't mean to say your father was John Raven?"

"Yes, of course he was," she answered; "I thought I told you."

"You said he was an architect, but I'd no idea it was he. Mr. Ashton was one of his pupils. Where is Stenton?"

"It's the next station, or you can walk out to it along the London Road," answered Cecily.

"You must take me there—to-morrow," said Paul. "I daren't go back to the office without having seen it."

After Mr. Ashton's praise, Paul expected a fine building, but the church far surpassed his expectation. It was noble in conception and beautiful in detail; just a little too florid in ornament, he thought, but that was really the only criticism to suggest itself.

"Your grandfather was a big man," he said to Cecily, and when they reached home he delighted her mother by his enthusiastic praise.

"There are some of his drawings put away upstairs," she said; "I must get them out some day for you to look at."

"Oh yes, please do," he answered, but next day Mrs. Baxter announced that she couldn't find them.

"They'll turn up at the spring cleaning," said Cecily. "That's when the sea gives up its dead."

VII.

Young love and hard work do not always run comfortably together in harness, and when Paul Vallance went up to town he took with him the rough sketch, a number of small detail drawings, and nothing else. Curiously enough, the sketch, with which he had been so pleased at first, had already lost most of its charm. This, however, did not trouble him. "When I'm alone," he told himself, "and can concentrate my thoughts on the problem, I shall soon get the hang of the thing."

To his intense disgust, this was just what he failed to do. The more he looked at the sketch, the less he liked it. It was stiff, formal, slavishly symmetrical; worst of all, it was amateurish. He was not in the least surprised when Mr. Ashton shook his head.

"I can see what you were trying for," said the great man, "but you haven't caught it, have you? You must try again, and on a different tack, too."

He did try, on a great many tacks, but each new departure only left him a little more dissatisfied and discouraged, and all the time the weeks were running out, and the day for sending in the sketch drawings was coming nearer and nearer. It was really rather wonderful that he kept depression at bay as well as he did. Perhaps the credit was partly due to certain letters that arrived at frequent intervals, always with the Mallington postmark. But there came a day when even these could not sustain him, when the worry and the disappointment and the apprehension of failure made him a rather pitiable object.

"Look here, Vallance," said Mr. Ashton, one Thursday afternoon, "this won't do at all. You look like a consumptive gargoyle. Go down into the country to-morrow, and suck in fresh air for the week-end. Perhaps it will bring some new ideas with it."

So, nothing loth, Paul wrote a hasty line to say he would be at Mallington in time for supper on Friday.

Both Cecily and her mother were shocked at his appearance, but, with great discretion, they said as little as possible about it, and were resolutely cheerful at supper.

"By the bye," said Mrs. Baxter to Paul, as they rose from the meal, "I came across that old portfolio of my

father's drawings the other day. The dust has got inside and spoilt the look of some of them, but you may find something to interest you. They're in your bedroom, but I wouldn't open it to-night. The sooner you're in bed, the better, you know. That's country law."

"All right," said Paul, "but may I have a cigarette in the garden before I go to prison?"

"Just one," said Cecily, "and I'll come out to see that it is only one."

There, in the quiet and darkness of the garden, he told her his trouble.

"It's no good, Cis," he said, "I haven't got the ghost of a chance—Ashton told me as much when he saw that beastly sketch. I think the stake's too big—the thought of it unnerves me. My detail's all right—Ashton himself said some of it was fine, and he's the shyest praiser you ever heard. It's the composition, the grouping, the thing as a whole, that beats me. When I hear you play it seems to come to me, and when you stop it's gone. It's my first big thing," he added, as if in excuse, "and I suppose it's a little too big. But what a price to pay for failure."

And he groaned.

"I don't believe in failure," she answered. "Mr. Ashton isn't infallible. I'll play to you to-morrow till the new idea comes, and I won't stop till you've got it safe in black and white. And if the worst comes to the worst—well, we're young enough to wait till you're old enough to win."

"We'll have one more bid for it," he said, trying hard to light his courage at her torch; but his voice betrayed him.

VIII.

For once the country law commended itself to him. Within a very few minutes his light was out and his head on the pillow. But sleep he could not. The sight of Cecily had only reminded him of all that depended on this competition in which he was doomed to fail. Then his sketches and designs, the poor awkward, disconnected, unhappy-looking things, upreared themselves before his eyes. What would Street have made of that site, or Ashton, or Waterhouse in his happier moments!

"Oh, confound it all!" he cried, and jumped out of bed and lighted the candle, to consult his watch. It was close upon midnight, so he had been tossing about for nearly an hour and a-half, and now he felt hopelessly and glaringly wide awake. He pounced on a book which lay under his candlestick, but it proved to be an account of the Thermal Waters of Bath, and he dropped it in disgust. Then he caught sight of a big old portfolio propped up against the dressing-table.

"The drawings!" he exclaimed joyfully. "I hope he's got that church at Stenton there."

Sitting on the side of the bed, he poised the candle on the pillow, opened the portfolio, and spread out the drawings one by one. The draughtsmanship was nothing out of the way, but many of the slighter drawings were full of interest, and some little rough plans and sketches for a proposed Club at Manchester, which apparently had never been erected, he found most interesting of all. At the bottom lay a brown-paper parcel tied with red tape and endorsed "The Mallington Squabble." First came copies of local newspapers, brown and creased, with long letters blue-pencilled down their margins—letters, most of them, signed by "Yours &c. John Raven," vehemently and often angrily urging the expenditure of a "reasonably" large sum in order to give Mallington municipal buildings worthy of what in twenty years' time it must inevitably be. Then followed some MS. letters, often illegible, from "Your obedient

servant, Thomas Gross," with copies of answering and intemperate letters from Raven himself. And, last of all, in a big envelope were three Indian-ink drawings. Paul took them out and uttered a little cry of astonishment and admiration. One was a plan, the others were front and rear elevations of a building on the well-known site.

"Good Lord, what a man!" he exclaimed, as he held them up behind the candle. "Ashton himself couldn't beat that. What fools the others must have been. Look how he's used that ugly corner. And that tower—the very thing I wanted, and couldn't place. And yet"—he peered at the drawings eagerly—"I know I'm a presumptious ass—but I do believe my porch with the colonnades is an improvement there—Drat!"

For at that moment the candle, or what was left of it, gave an uneasy lurch and collapsed into darkness.

After a long and dreamless sleep, Paul woke up to hear Cecily's voice at the door.

"Do you know what the time is? It's just struck ten. Your hot water's as cold as the sea."

"Ten!" he shouted, his voice like a schoolboy's. "That's what comes of country law. I'll be down in no time."

"It was those drawings," he explained, as the ladies watched his solitary meal. "They're simply magnificent. They've given me the best lesson I've ever had. May I use it for my design?"

"Of course you may," said Mrs. Baxter; "the more you use, the better he'd be pleased."

Paul, fresh from the amenities of Mr. Raven's correspondence, had his own doubts on the subject, but he only expressed his gratitude.

All that day he worked furiously, and when his sketch elevation was finished, he took out again the Raven drawings and compared them with his own.

"He showed me the way," he said to himself as he looked at them, "but I do believe I've gone a little farther up the road."

To Cecily he was equally outspoken, as he said good-bye on Monday morning.

"When the parson says 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' I shall hear Grandfather Raven shouting out 'Hang it all, *I've* had to!'"

The same afternoon he showed his sketch to Mr. Ashton.

"Ah," exclaimed that usually undemonstrative gentleman, "you've done it this time, my boy! That's the best design I've seen for many a day. I knew you wanted a day or two off. I don't know what you've been doing to yourself. You were as white as a sheet and as lean as a whipping-post. Now you look quite plump and rosy."

Paul took out the portfolio drawings and pointed to the name in the corner.

"The Ravens have been feeding me," he said.

IX.

Three months later, the *Mallington Guardian* contained the following paragraph under big headlines.

"THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

COMMITTEE'S DECISION.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

"The building committee of the town council, after considering the report of Sir Summers Lyle, have unanimously selected the designs sent in by Mr. Paul Vallance, F.R.I.B.A. Mr. Vallance, who is quite young, has had a distinguished career as a student, and is at present in the offices of the eminent architect, Mr. T. A. Ashton. A touch of romance is imported into the situation by the fact that Mr. Vallance has just become engaged to be married to Miss Cecily Baxter, the daughter of Mrs. Baxter of The Gables, Chilton

Road. Miss Baxter's grandfather, Mr. John Raven, will be remembered by some of our older readers as himself a distinguished architect and a very prominent advocate of worthy municipal buildings for the borough. We heartily congratulate Mr. Vallance on his double success."

The Cornhill Magazine. *B. Paul Neuman.*

IN MEMORIAM: JOHN TENNIEL.

BORN 1820. DIED FEBRUARY 25th, 1914.

Now he whose gallant heart so lightly bore
So long the burden of the years' increase
Passes at length toward the silent shore,
From peace to deeper peace.

And we, his honored comrades, by whose side
His haunting spirit keeps its ancient spell,
We bring our tribute, woven of love and pride,
And say a last farewell.

Yet not farewell; because eternal youth
Still crowns the craftsmanship where hand and eye
Saw and interpreted the soul of Truth,
Letting the rest go by.

Thus for his pictured pageant, gay or grave,
He seized and fixed the moving hour's event,
Maker of history by the life he gave
To fact with fancy blent.

So lives the Artist in the work he wrought;
Yet Nature dowered the Man with gifts more dear—
A chivalrous true knight in deed and thought,
Without reproach or fear.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

THE HEARTLESSNESS OF PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of The Times:—I am moved to speak out what I and, I am sure, many others are feeling. We are a so-called civilized country; we have a so-called Christian religion; we profess humanity. We have a Parliament of chosen persons, to each of whom we pay £400 a year, so that we have at least some right to say:—"Please do our business, and that quickly." And yet we sit and suffer such barbarities and mean cruelties to go on amongst us as must dry the heart of God. I cite a few only of the abhorrent things done daily, daily left undone; done and left undone, without shadow of doubt, against the conscience and general will of the community:—

Sweating of women workers.

Insufficient feeding of children.

Employment of boys on work that to all intents ruins their chances in after-life—as mean a thing as can well be done.

Foul housing of those who have as much right as you and I to the first decencies of life.

Consignment of paupers (that is of

those without money or friends) to lunatic asylums on the certificate of one doctor, the certificate of two doctors being essential in the case of a person who has money or friends.

Export of horses worn-out in work for Englishmen—save the mark! Export that for a few pieces of blood-money delivers up old and faithful servants to wretchedness.

Mutilation of horses by docking, so that they suffer, offend the eye, and are defenceless against the attacks of flies that would drive men, so treated, crazy.

Caging of wild things, especially wild song-birds, by those who themselves think liberty the breath of life, the jewel above price.

Slaughter for food of millions of creatures every year by obsolete methods that none but the interested defend.

Importation of the plumes of ruthlessly slain wild birds, mothers with young in the nest, to decorate our gentlewomen.

Such as these—shameful barbarities done to helpless creatures—we suffer amongst us year after year. They are admitted to be anathema; in favor of their abolition there would be found at any moment a round majority of unfettered Parliamentary and general opinion. One and all they are removable, and many of them by small expenditure of Parliamentary time, public money, and expert care. Almost any one of them is productive of more suffering to innocent and helpless creatures, human or not, and probably of more secret harm to our spiritual life, more damage to human nature, than, for example, the admission or rejection of Tariff Reform, the Disestablishment or preservation of the Welsh Church, I would almost say than the granting or non-granting of Home Rule—questions that sop up *ad infinitum* the energies, the interest, the time of those we elect and pay to manage our business. And I say it is rotten that, for mere want of Parliamentary interest and time, we cannot have manifest and stinking sores such as these treated and banished once for all from the nation's body. I say it is rotten that due time and machinery cannot be found to deal with these and other barbarities to man and beast, concerning which, in the main, no real controversy exists. Rotten that their removal should be left to the mercy of the ballot, to private members' Bills, liable to be obstructed; or to the hampered and inadequate efforts of societies unsupported by legislation.

John Galsworthy.

The Times.

OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

Mr. Galsworthy's passionate letter to the "Times" is an interesting event and an interesting symptom. Of the writers of our time, he represents more than anybody else the indignation excited by the wrongs, as Mr. Wells represents the indignation excited by the inefficiency, of our civilization. Looking round the world he lives in, he sees a number of oppressions and cruelties about which there is practically no question. It is admitted that they exist, and it is admitted that they are curable. Then he looks to Parliament, and he sees incessant debate and interminable repetitions; the old party attack and the old party reply; month after month of weary struggle, while all the time the evils that seem to him so ready for treatment are left to grow and fester. "All the time," as he puts it in his eloquent letter, "the fires of this misery, that could, most of them, so easily be put out, are raging, and the reek thereof is going up."

We all know the answers that spring to the lips of the regular politician. Is it a small thing, he will say, whether Ireland is governed by Ireland or by England, whether the House of Commons is its own master, or whether it has to depend on the pleasure of the House of Lords? The fundamental evil of society, he will go on to say, if he is a Radical, is the wrong distribution of wealth, and that evil defies any remedy but those remedies that are regarded as the violent shaking of established institutions and vested interests. Party warfare and social progress are therefore more closely related than they may appear. Moreover, he will add, we must not forget that something has been done amid all these distractions for some of the particular causes Mr. Galsworthy pleads. The House of Commons that spends the time of the nation wrangling over Welsh Disestablishment, has put the Trade Boards Act on the Statute Book. Party politics, however arid they may seem in certain lights, are not all oratory, strategy, and fighting for fighting's sake.

All this is true and very proper, but it does not, we think, dispose of Mr. Galsworthy's case. The measures that have occupied the time of Parliament during the last three years seem to us, of course, highly important and necessary. To pass the Parliament Act and to pass Home Rule is to free the energies of reform from great and powerful obstacles, and it is not surprising that the struggle for so important an advance should be protracted, and that every foot of the way should be keenly and bitterly contested by a party that dreads the changes of the future even more than the changes of to-day. But great and valuable as are these reforms, we are still confronted by Mr. Galsworthy's main question, which is not so much, Why does Parliament do A and leave B undone? but rather, Why cannot Parliament so arrange its business and its life as to find time and scope for reforms that are outside the questions of Party? "I am not one of those who believe that we can do without party, but I do see and I do say that party measures absorb too much of the time that our common humanity demands for the redress of crying shames." Put in this form, Mr. Galsworthy's protest is an appeal for consideration of the best way of making Parliament useful and efficient, and it is an appeal that represents a large and important body of opinion. The feeling that breaks out in his letter is in the air.

If anybody looks at the conditions of Parliamentary work a century ago, and compares those conditions with our own, he will be struck by one great difference. The Government of the day did the governing, but a great part of the legislation was done by private members. Social reform of the kind Mr. Galsworthy has in view has been largely the work of private members; Romilly, Bennet, Whitbread, Wilberforce, the first Sir Robert Peel, Sadler, Fielden, Ashley, are names that occur to the mind in the history of the reform of law and prisons, or slavery, black and white. In those days private members had time. To-day, the private member has no time. If Ashley were in the House of Commons now he would be powerless unless he had a piece of luck in the ballot and great luck in the later stages of his Bill. Under modern conditions legislation as well as governing is the business of the Government. This change means in part that social reform is recognized as having greater importance, that the old atmosphere of fatalism and *laissez faire* is gone, and that we look more and more to the State not only for the control of this or that department of life, but for the source and inspiration of our

laws. Private enterprise has lost ground in the making of laws as in the making of roads or the business of insurance.

Now, at the present moment we see this changed system working badly. It works badly, because the work to be done has grown immensely, and the form and procedure of Parliamentary life are largely governed by obsolete ideas and traditions—that were suitable to times when Parliament only touched a few questions—by methods of party, made more rigid and binding than ever in the past. The results are, first, that there is no time or scarcely any time for Bills that are not Government Bills; secondly, that Bills are not properly discussed; thirdly, that the working of a Bill when it has become an Act is not watched as it ought to be to see where it is unjust and where it is defective. The idea underlying Parliamentary discussion is largely the idea inherited from the great constitutional struggles of the past that our politics are, in Mr. Balfour's description, "organized quarrel." Discussion, instead of being deliberative, is polemical. A division when the Whips are put on is, in many cases, a farce, and yet in how many divisions are the Whips kept out of it? Precious days are spent in full-dress debates, recrimination and quotations flying across the floor that inspirit or depress the rank and file but contribute nothing to the value of the Bill that emerges from these conflicts. Parliament is trying to combine the character of a debating society with that of a legislating machine, and as the business and subject-matter of Government grow, the strain becomes intolerable. In theory, there are six or seven hundred men giving their ideas and votes, and in practice all legislation comes from the Government except for a few Bills chosen, not because of their intrinsic importance, but because their introducer has been lucky in the ballot; and the six or seven hundred cannot vote and speak without considering how these votes and speeches will affect a number of other issues than those under discussion. Having deprived the Ashleys of their opportunities for legislation, we have to find scope for their usefulness under this system. At present they cannot even speak or vote freely.

It seems to us that the time has come for recognizing that the House of Commons is mainly the place for debate and action, and the country the theatre for polemical oratory. At present, the proceedings open with the King's Speech that outlines prospective Bills and reports on foreign relations. The debate that follows revolves largely round by-elections, and the echoes of platform speeches and recriminations. The business of Government is presented for criticism in the form of Departmental Estimates, submitted as a rule under great pressure of time, and in such a way that the House of Commons can only express its disapprobation by removing the Government itself. The Minister is there to defend his Department, and his critics have to show cause, not merely for correcting an abuse or an anomaly, but for driving out the Government often of their own side. Under our system, much of our legislation will emanate from officials, and it is specially necessary that such proposals should be discussed and debated freely; but the tendency to make every measure introduced by a Minister an occasion for a vote of confidence is on the increase. The idea of organized quarrel permeates and penetrates procedure, and the atmosphere of free and disinterested deliberation is conspicuously lacking. But what the country wants in an Insurance Bill is not that this or that party should

score, but that it should be made as good as possible, and that when its inevitable defects and injustices come to light, they should be remedied as quickly and effectively as possible. One Minister may be incompetent, another slothful, a third in the hands of reactionary officials or powerful interests. But nothing short of an earthquake can get rid of him or shake life into his Department. In the House of Commons in this condition, the *amour propre* of a Minister is more important than the interests he neglects. The control of the House of Commons is a phantom.

We should like to see that control recognized by a fundamental change in the relation of the Government to the House of Commons. The first business on the meeting of Parliament should be a very full and careful review of the work of the several departments, and the main facts of social life as reflected in the reports of those departments. This review might be presented by the Prime Minister, and it should be followed by a discussion entirely free in its character. In this way public health, wages, industrial peace, housing, accidents, factory life, shipping life, the treatment of employees by the railways, and all the various aspects of life that are covered by our modern departments would be brought before the notice of Parliament. One member would raise one topic, another another, and it should be understood that the debate was a free debate, and any division a free division. At present any discussion in which private members supporting the Government criticize a department for omissions or for blunders is a piece of reciprocal bluffing. The Minister knows that the members will draw the line at deposing the Government; the members know that the Minister will draw the line somewhere in whitewashing his department. If the whole field of administration came up for review, without any implications of this kind, abuses that are now dragged out by one party and defended by the other would be exposed in the ordinary way of business, and remedies would be discussed. The House of Commons would be a deliberative body, and it would deliberate under proper conditions, not in a couple of hours conceded on one evening after bargaining between the Whips. If such a system prevailed we should not have such anomalies as the ignorance of the House of Commons of the working of the railway settlement of 1907, from that year down to the outbreak of the general strike in the summer of 1911. Men like Ashley would have their chance. They would be able to bring up this or that grievance, and the need for legislation here or amendment there. The House of Commons would give a lead for social legislation; this discussion and not the fluke of the ballot would decide what measures should be introduced, and we should get the benefit of the knowledge and experience of departments on one hand, and on the other the knowledge and experience of life that are so necessary to supplement and correct official ideas. Reforms would no longer have to become party reforms in order to make their way, and the House of Commons would have a life and a purpose of its own.

The Nation.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S ERUPTION.

Mr. John Galsworthy is disgusted with politics. Writing from Taormina —that not exactly democratic resort of sunshine-seekers to-day—he launches a philippic against our fog-ridden Parliament. The House of Commons appears to him—there on the great cliff, with volcanic Etna and the Mediterranean before him—as futile and out of touch with life. It permits "abhorrent things," "such barbarities and mean cruelties as must dry the heart of God." It leaves good things undone until its negligence is an offence to God and man. It gabbles the meaningless formulæ of exhausted controversy while the nation waits with stern indignation for its real business to be taken up. It is engaged in a dull partisan game, in which sensible people have long lost all interest.

Now there is nothing out of the way in all this. It is rather a little commonplace. Mrs. Pankhurst says hourly much the same thing. But Mr. Galsworthy rashly refuses to content himself with negative criticism. Like Trochu, he has a plan. He has written a sort of King's Speech, and cannot complain if there is a debate on the Address. It is an excellent Speech from the Throne in its way. All the objects indicated are admirable and advertise the benevolence which inspired the draughtsman. There are only two criticisms to be made. Half of the speech is "up against" laws stronger than those of Parliament; the other half is scarcely likely to appeal to the great heart of British democracy.

Mr. Galsworthy takes under his wing the British race and the dumb creation. His benevolence knows no distinction of sex, creed, or zoological classification. He is for liberty and happiness all round, whether in trousers, skirts, fur or feather, whether on two legs or on four. He does his own race the compliment of precedence in his programme of reform, though with splendid impartiality he allots five measures each to the human and the brute. He would have all women workers comfortably paid, all children well fed, all citizens decently housed, all lads placed in profitable trades. An excellent programme, if it were only clear how it can be carried out, on which point, unhappily, Mr. Galsworthy gives no hint. It is a pity. The limited intelligence of Parliament has long been occupied with small projects of improvement, and assuredly it would not be above taking a hint from a distinguished outsider.

But Mr. Galsworthy is still more interesting when he deals with what may be called, with all respect, "dickey bird" politics. There is an earnestness about his plea for birds and animals that almost disarms flippancy. He has so touching a faith in the humanity of the British people. He has apparently forgotten that a public which rejoices in performing dogs, which rejoices at the spectacle of sea lions blowing brazen instruments, and claps its hands when Bengal tigers are made to jump through paper hoops, is not likely to be vividly impressed by his generous proposals. It is difficult to imagine an election being won on measures to forbid the caging of skylarks or linnets, the docking of horses' tails, the wearing of aigrettes, or the export of worn-out horses. These things, of course, depend on no immutable law, like the others. They rest merely on barbarities of usage and fashion, which sensible and feeling people, inside and outside of Parliament, deplore just as much as Mr. Galsworthy does. They could be

stopped at once by legislation. Were Mr. Galsworthy an English Haroun-al-Raschid (a strictly monogamous Commander of the Faithful, of course, converted to the latest Collectivist philosophy) he could not guarantee dinners, houses, and incomes to everybody's taste. But he could easily say to his Giafar: "I charge thee by the beard of the Prophet to impale all the bird fanciers in the United Kingdom if there remain a caged lark, linnet, or jackdaw to-morrow. The man who docks a horse's tail, be it by a single vertebra, by the scimitar of my executioner shall his head be docked. As for the shameless women who, not content with showing their faces to men, crown their heads with the spoils of the nesting bird, let them desist, on pain of being cut asunder at the waist. It is not in vain that I am called Galsworthy the Merciful."

Mr. Galsworthy, in fact, does seem to think politically in terms of absolutism. Writing for the theatre tends to give a man the ideas of a sultan. There he is lord of life and death, giving purses of gold and bushels of rubies to one, drawing the hasty scimitar of judgment on another. Mr. Galsworthy looks on the world as if it were a stage, where every problem can be worked out neatly and logically, where tremendous consequences follow the loss of a silver box or a spoiled game of bridge. He seems genuinely surprised that official people, known to be of a given opinion on a given subject, do not immediately translate that opinion into concrete fact. It is so absurdly simple. "I have, perhaps, a hundred acquaintances, ten of them in Parliament. I have asked them all whether they want horses' tails docked, and whether they like to see skylarks in a cage. They all say no. It is reasonable to suppose that the proportion holds good in the country and in Parliament. Therefore we have clearly 'a round majority of unfettered Parliamentary and general opinion' against docking horses and caging skylarks. Why, then, in the name of an outraged Heaven, is no stop put to the whole business? Simply because politicians are engaged in 'partisan bickerings,' in rolling periods which advance nothing but those who utter them. I say it is rotten."

Mr. Galsworthy would know better if he left the free air of speculation to become an embarrassed man of affairs. He would quickly be taught that people in "power" do not what they would, but largely what they must. It is sad, no doubt, but the popular pulse will not be stirred by the woes of oppressed silkworms, the pains of the boiling lobster, or even the martyrdom of the revolving squirrel in his treadmill cage. The placard, "Galsworthy for Westminster and the skylark for the Empyrean," would rouse no enthusiasm. "Integrity of Horses—the Tail, the whole Tail, and nothing but the Tail" would scarcely prove what the knowing call a "winner," while "the Bitter Cry of the Nesting Egret" and "Secrets of the Sausage Boat" would fail to compete with the unscrupulous misrepresentations of the other side (which is always sure to be guilty of misrepresentation). Lucky would Mr. Galsworthy be if his campaign against feathers did not lose him a dozen seats in East London, where such ornaments are popular. There might be even sinister rumors that he had an interest in a ribbon factory.

In fine, a few months' bitter experience would convince Mr. Galsworthy that politics is not a simple business, and that even salutary reforms, unless they affect great masses, are hard to effect. We have a good deal of sympathy with some of his well-meaning programme, but we fear that for

some time to come it will not reach the dignity of a "living issue," not because members of Parliament are more unfeeling or more stupid than Mr. Galsworthy, but because the "general opinion," which he so confidently claims, cares really not twopence about the whole matter.

The Saturday Review.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.

During several years Mexico has been in a state of civil war and of anarchy. The losses which this state of affairs has inflicted upon Mexicans and non-Mexicans are incalculable. Order and good government in Mexico are interests not only of the Mexicans themselves, but also of those non-Mexican nations which have a considerable stake in the country.

The nations chiefly interested in Mexico are the United States and Great Britain. A very large number of American and British citizens dwell in the country, vast sums of British and American capital are invested in it, and the most important economic undertakings are in English and American hands. The United States are furthermore greatly interested in Mexico, because only an imaginary line separates the Southern States of North America from their turbulent neighbor. Hitherto the American administration has followed the policy of watchfully observing the development of things in Mexico. Hitherto the other States interested in Mexico, and especially Great Britain, have acquiesced in the somewhat ineffective policy of the United States because hitherto Mexican anarchy has resulted only in the loss of non-Mexican capital, but not in the loss of non-Mexican lives. Recent developments however have completely changed the aspect of things. The murder of Mr. Benton by General Villa, and the horrible disaster in the El Cumbre Tunnel, in which a trainload of people were burnt to death—among the victims were at least ten American citizens—makes Mr. Bryan's policy of watchfully waiting more and more impossible. The moment is drawing near when the troubles of Mexico will have to be settled by third Powers.

The United States are obviously chiefly interested in creating order and good government in Mexico. In the first place they are Mexico's neighbor, and suffer most from Mexican lawlessness and anarchy. In the second place they have by far the largest stake in the country—a stake which is far larger than that of Great Britain. In the third place the Monroe doctrine makes the United States the guardians of the American Continent and discountenances intervention on the part of the European Powers. The United States would undoubtedly have changed the totally inefficient and somewhat ridiculous policy of watchfully waiting, for a policy of active intervention, were they not acquainted with the danger of intervention. Mexico is an extremely difficult country to pacify and to occupy. The area of Mexico is four times as large as that of the German Empire. Its population is extremely warlike, and the absence of railways, of roads, and especially of water, makes the movement of troops very difficult. If the United States should try to create order in Mexico the two contending parties would probably combine against the Americans, who are cordially detested by both. In view of the great natural difficulties of the country, which, with its numerous almost inaccessible moun-

tain-ranges and valleys, offers an ideal ground for guerrilla warfare, it is believed in competent circles in Washington that an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men would be required to create order in Mexico, and that such a task might take from two to three years.

American intervention in Mexico would be enormously costly. However, the consideration of the price is not the chief reason which is keeping back the United States. The United States have a standing army of only about ninety thousand men, but the numbers are not complete. A large proportion of the soldiers are required for garrisoning the fortifications protecting the principal harbors in the United States, Hawaii, the Philippines, and the Panama Canal. A very large proportion of the army consists of coast artillery. It is generally estimated that only about thirty thousand men of the American Army are available for service abroad. In case of American intervention in Mexico the United States would have to rely chiefly on volunteers. It is questionable whether a Mexican expedition carried on in waterless deserts against a delusive enemy will raise sufficient enthusiasm among the American people. It is questionable whether the voluntary system will yield the necessary number of troops. Besides, if the troops should be forthcoming, their action would be greatly impaired by America's unreadiness for war. The store of rifles and of cartridges is sufficient to arm the volunteers, but there are not sufficient guns and artillery ammunition, and there are enormous shortages in every direction. Not only would the United States be hampered by the lack of men, of arms, and of stores, but they would be still more seriously hampered by the possibility of serious foreign complications. If at a moment when the United States have tied up the bulk of their military force in Mexico, difficulties should occur between them and Japan, or if a European coalition should make use of that opportunity, the United States would be in an extremely difficult position. The foregoing makes it clear that the United States have not interfered in Mexico partly because they are aware of the enormous cost of this undertaking, partly because they shrink from its great risks.

The United States would incur serious danger in intervening in Mexico singlehanded. The position would be different if the United States were backed by some powerful European nation or nations. The circumstances of the time seem to have given a great opportunity to this country. British diplomacy should endeavor to arrive at an understanding with the United States for the joint settlement of the Mexican problem. Great Britain might certainly guarantee that the United States should not be attacked by some third Power or Powers while engaged in creating order in Mexico. Possibly even a joint occupation of the ports and a joint expedition into the interior might be arranged. Of course it cannot be expected that Great Britain should sacrifice the lives of a large number of her soldiers for the benefit of the United States. However, Great Britain might look after the Mexican coasts and perhaps after the communications so as to set the American troops free for the fighting.

Anglo-American co-operation would undoubtedly shorten the process of settlement in Mexico. The fact alone that the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are marching hand in hand would greatly discourage resistance. Moreover, such Anglo-American co-operation would lead not only to a prompt settlement in Mexico, but it would undoubtedly have the most beneficial and the most far-reaching consequences to

both nations. The attitude of the United States towards Great Britain was frankly hostile up to the outbreak of the war between the United States and Spain. The fact that Great Britain observed an attitude of neutrality benevolent to the United States, and that she refused to join the Continental Powers in bringing pressure to bear upon the United States, led immediately to a great and lasting improvement in Anglo-American relations. Joint Anglo-American action in Mexico would undoubtedly strengthen the bonds between this country and the United States. A temporary Anglo-American alliance for creating order in Mexico might, and should, be followed by a long-dated Anglo-American alliance of defence, and an Anglo-American brotherhood-in-arms should make the conclusion of such an alliance comparatively easy. Far-sighted Americans are aware that it is not in their interest that this country should be defeated and humiliated. They are aware that Great Britain and the British fleet separate the United States from the military Great Powers of Europe. They know that the downfall of Great Britain would make the United States and Germany neighbors. On the other hand, the defeat of the United States by a third Power would not be in the interest of this country. It would not be in the interest of this country that the eastern or the western military Powers should weaken the stronghold of Anglo-Saxondom in the Pacific. It would not be in the interest of this country that the Panama Canal should be seized by one of the great military nations.

Anglo-Saxon policy should not only be national, but should be racial. The protection of the Anglo-Saxon interests the world over can best be guaranteed by an alliance of Great Britain and the United States. Such an alliance would truly be an alliance for the preservation of peace and civilization. Such an alliance would moreover enable the Anglo-Saxon nations greatly to reduce their armaments, and would discourage their great national competitors in their attempts to outbuild the Anglo-Saxon fleets.

The Outlook.

THE SALE OF HONORS.

Lord Selborne urged the House of Lords recently to pass a resolution on the subject of titles, with a view to securing that a contribution to party funds shall not be a consideration in the grant of honors. He asserted the existence of an opinion prevalent in the Press and even in the House of Commons, and constantly employed in fiction and upon the stage, to the effect that "persons are often recommended for these honors whom no one would have thought of recommending if they had not contributed largely to party funds." The scandal, he admitted frankly, applies to both political parties. The story with which Lord Willoughby de Broke enriched a highly piquant and somewhat irrelevant speech at a later stage in the debate is a very good instance of the thing complained of in its least justifiable form. Lord Willoughby de Broke wanted a large sum of money for an enterprise "that could not be entirely dissociated from politics, but which he assured the noble lords was entirely patriotic in its design." So he called on a wealthy gentleman, and offered him, not at an excessive price, a baronetcy. He was shown the door, not unnaturally, since he was unable

to state when his party would return to office. Lord Selborne did not commit himself to any concrete instance; but he urged that this kind of thing constitutes an abuse which ought to be put down by public opinion.

Few members of the general public will agree, or at least admit they agree, with Lord Ribblesdale, who declared that "the thing complained of must be, that it did not very much matter, that it had always gone on, and was very likely to go on, and that if it did not go on in one form it would go on in another." All the other speakers in the debate took a very serious, not to say solemn, tone. Unfortunately the effect of Lord Selborne's motion, in the form in which it was finally passed, is not likely to be very great. There was a marked absence of any definite suggestions for reform. Speakers eloquently deplored the worship and abuse of wealth, and the growth of the party funds and the secrecy with which they are administered. Lord Charmwood, who asked for a Royal Commission on the administration of the Corrupt Practices Act, an amendment which was not, however, accepted, stated indeed that lavish expenditure upon elections was the root of the evil, and Viscount Milner followed with an admirable suggestion that election expenditure should be restricted by law, and also the expenditure by members and candidates of large sums of money between elections on various public purposes in their constituencies. Of course, this ought to be done. But it is difficult for the House of Commons to purify itself. The sale of seats in the House of Lords, which may, indeed, be shorn of some of its most objectionable features if a reform of the Second Chamber dissociates a peerage from a seat there, is less serious than the sale of seats in the House of Commons. As for "the sale of titles," it is, after all, not half so bad as the sale of duties which is bound to accompany Tariff Reform; and it is not alleged, as Lord Milner himself admitted, that honors are put up to auction. Certainly the suspicion that titles can be bought brings discredit on a legitimate form of honorable decoration, and diminishes its value as a reward for public services, among which party services, openly rendered, might well be counted.

Lord Crewe deprecated, with considerable justice, the tendency to exaggerate the evil, and to suggest that it is worse now than at previous epochs in our history. As a matter of fact, the general views to which Lord Selborne drew attention at the opening of his speech do to some extent represent an awakening of public opinion. The public mind is far more critical than it was. And statesmen are becoming aware of this. Lord Crewe gave the House of Lords an assurance from Mr. Asquith that titles are never recommended to the King (who is the fount of honor) on the score of donations to the party fund. But that does not take us very far. The darkness in which party funds are administered is very objectionable. Already two parties —the Nationalist party and the Labor party—do publish regular balance-sheets, indicating the sources of their contributions and the way in which the funds at their disposal have been spent. It would be in the public interest if a little daylight were admitted to the Liberal and Conservative party funds.

When Lord Selborne stated and Lord Lansdowne repeated that "the greed of all parties for money to run the party machinery is the clay foot of democracy," and Lord Willoughby de Broke suggested that the sale of honors was the result of "the thing called democracy," from which only the hereditary

peerage could save the working classes, they left the palace of truth. Free institutions and a free Press do not prevent corruption, but they make it less easy and less powerful. The corruption that surrounds an absolute monarch is incomparably worse, incomparably safer for those who distribute or enjoy it, and incomparably more dangerous to the rest of society than the weed which grows only to be rooted up in London or Washington. Even in England, we may remember, it was the ingenious mind of James I. that discerned in the invention of a new honor a means of private revenue. Such was the origin of many English baronetcies; and the control of Royal patronage by George the Third is not an argument for the demolition of Parliamentary democracy. Whether on the whole the existence of titles is of benefit to a nation we need not discuss. To a certain type of mind they are deeply gratifying, and perhaps the pleasure which attends each distribution is the justification of the system. No one really thinks that a title is necessary to give distinction to Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour, any more than it was required to glorify Pitt or Fox, Cobden or Bright. At the same time, it would be foolish to depreciate those distinguished men who have been "raised" to the House of Lords. The hereditary peers would cut a very poor figure if they were put into a House by themselves.

The Economist.

BIRDS OUT IN THE RAIN.

On February 21, 1914, there was, in Sussex, a snowstorm with the largest flakes of snow I ever saw. The temperature was not at all low, and the snow melted as it touched the warm ground, but each individual flake, and they fell thickly, was of the size of the "common or garden" white butterfly, at a moderate computation; yet in the midst of it, perfectly unperturbed by it all, a coletit was clinging to a piece of cocoanut dangling from the branch of a rose-tree, and pecking at it with undivided enjoyment, as if it was the most delightful weather for a picnic that you could imagine. The coletit is, with the exception of the long-tailed, the smallest of all that family which have the common surname Tit, abbreviated, as I imagine, from the French "petit." He was so tiny, as he swung there in the midst of the enormous storm, that he looked liable, if a flake struck him, to be overwhelmed by it and utterly smothered, as in the cold wet hug of a great polar bear coming out of the Arctic sea. Yet I watched him long, and it surprised me to see that he never was thus struck and smothered. To be sure, there was space enough between the flakes for so tiny a person as he was, but still, it seemed as though some special providence must be guarding him, for on the calculation of chances he ought to have been submerged by the feathery coldness again and again, while I watched. And then it suddenly occurred to me that just over the little bird's head, just on the same vertical line as the plane of his swing, ran a branch of the rose-tree. It was nearly nude of leaf, at this barest season of the year, yet even in its nudity it was sufficient. It was a roof adequate for the protection from the snowflakes not of any very great body, but of that very minute body which was gaily taking its cocoanut and defying the storm beneath it. Though I have been watching birds all my life, the realization only then came

to me of the fact which is almost absurdly obvious, once stated, that a very small covering of branch or leaf suffices for the protection from the falling rain or snow of any of these very little people, so that we waste upon them a vast amount of gratuitous pity when we look from the window on a pouring wet day, and speak compassionately of the "poor little birds with no nice, dry house to go to." It surprises us often that we do not see them looking more bedraggled than they do on a day of soaking rain, when they venture forth out of the evergreen shrubs or from the close-growing branches. The explanation no doubt is in great part this, that it takes no very extensive roof to shelter them.

It is part of the explanation, but it is not the whole, by any means. A very great deal of the rain that at the first glance we should expect to bedraggle them they do escape just because they are such very little people that there is plenty of room for them between the raindrops. They cannot, of course, continue to have the luck to avoid the drops for long, and when we see, as we often may, even as early in the year as February, and before that, a thrush sitting aloft on the crest of a high shrub and carolling forth his triumphant song as though exulting in the very rain, we may know that he, at least, has no branch above him for his shelter, and that he is a target large enough for many a fat raindrop to find. The shelter of his own good coat of feathers is enough for him. And this, again, is an obvious fact of avine life which we do not generally realize as we should —how very effective as an "aquascutum," or rain-shield, the feathers even of the land birds can be. Of course, we can well understand that, coated like a penguin, you are as impervious to water as if you were in diving dress. It is really a suit of "oil-skins" that the aquatic birds wear. But the feathers of a mere land bird, even such soft and absorbent plumes as some of those of the warblers seem to be, lie close enough and have enough in them of the natural oil to keep the bodies inside them much more dry than we might suppose. Mr. Eagle Clarke, whose authority is not to be questioned, speaks of two Savi's warblers actually seen in the Fair Isle to swim across a small burn. The appearance of the bird in that northern and isolated place is astonishing enough in itself, but that the birds should be found thus taking to the manners of their acquatic relatives is yet more surprising. I have never seen this warbler in life, but it is said to have, strongly developed, the characteristic of many of its near cousins, of doing all in its power to escape observation; and it was when hunted out of its concealment, as it skulked along the burn's bank, that it took to the water, as Mr. Clarke relates. So if this little bird could venture to breast the stream with the soft feathers of its underparts and still could come, without being hopelessly waterlogged, safe to the other side of the rivulet, it is no wonder that the thrush, with its strong back feathers carefully disposed like slates on a roof, overlapping, to throw off raindrops falling from above, should be immune from harm and should sit there carolling great praise to Jupiter Pluvius. That god is he, indeed, whom the thrush has most cause to praise, for it is he who makes the ground soft and brings up the worms and entices out the snails and slugs and gives plenty of insect food to all those avine people who seek their dinners on the ground. He is not quite so directly helpful to those who catch their prey on the wing, but even they, too, are much dependent on him, seeing that most of the larval life

of the insects which are winged when they come to maturity is spent in damp places and requires moisture, even if it is not altogether aqueous. Rain is not deemed the enemy either by the birds or by the insects.

Some of the birds appear to take an actual and active joy in the rain. Rain is no impediment to the migration flight, even over long stretches of sea, where assuredly there are no roof-trees for shelter. Nor, on migration, do birds appear to take much account of the direction of the wind. If it blow at more than a moderate pace they will not trust themselves to it, but it seems that they will go in its teeth almost as readily as before it if only it be not too strong. As all know who have driven the partridge or the grouse, birds do not like flying with a strong wind right behind them; they like it "on the beam." It is manifest that it cannot be comfortable to have a strong wind blowing all your feathers the wrong way. This is a point which some of our painters forget, showing us a scene in which there is witness, such as a chimney's smoke, of a wind going one way, and a bird on a tree with head pointing the way that the smoke is travelling. The painter never saw the bird sitting so, nor would the painter so sit were he the bird. The bird sits with its head to wind, so that the air currents stroke its feathers down smoothly and sleekly, and the body warmth is kept comfortably close beneath them. The birds, except when meditating a long flight, do not greatly mind even a high wind, and some, such as the missel-thrush—locally called storm-cock—seem to take positive delight in it. They are in truth more indifferent to the changes and chances of weather than we often suppose. Their enemy is the cold, but this not because of its direct effect, but because it sends all the flying insects to death or to shelter, and because it locks up the water and the land with frost, so that the avine food supplies, both aquatic and terrestrial, are cut off. The cold, in itself, is not the deadly enemy, but the starvation which the cold brings.

Horace Hutchinson.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE AGE LIMIT.

My more revolutionary friends have often aspired to exclude all citizens over forty years of age from any active part in public affairs, even as regards voting. The Millennium, they think, would be immediately realized by the suppression of the old and the despotism of the young. I use the words "old" and "young" because of their obvious convenience; but I am much too near forty myself not to be aware that everyone not only is as young as his arteries, but also, so long as health lasts, *feels* scarcely any change of personality right up to the end of life; in fact, I know a gentleman of ninety-three and a lady of eighty-eight whose spirits are habitually more buoyant than my own.

Probably all ardent reformers have moments of impatience with the older generation, though I am sure that such feelings exist rather in regard to persons between forty and sixty than in regard to those from sixty upwards. The mellow enlightenment of men like the late Mr. Crackanthorpe is very rare among the forty to sixty people, who are mostly occupied in trying to impose on their juniors the ideas which occupied their own minds while they were suffering from the same effacement. That is perhaps why each rising forty to sixty generation

is always so much more severe on its immediate predecessors than on its remoter ancestors; the memory of suppression lingers.

It is extremely difficult to ascertain what change (if any) occurs at the age of forty; physically, I suppose, one can only note the change in the lens of the human eye; nor does even this change occur precisely at forty, but only round about forty. There does, however, seem to be a physical change. Insensibly, men and women begin to look back rather than forward; and the more actively they are absorbed in what interests them the less open-minded they become in regard to life as a whole.

It must not be forgotten that different people are always thinking, so to speak, at different milestones, and a man who has been thinking thirty years ahead of his contemporaries begins when over forty to excite the notice of the younger generation just when his hitherto more successful rivals have begun to discern premonitory symptoms of neglect. Yet this does not mean that he has escaped the psychical change. Just as the lens of his eye is becoming flatter, so he is ceasing to think so far ahead of his age. Up to forty he has perhaps thought more rapidly by reason of hereditary intelligence or better environment than his fellows, but these advantages count for less (except in respect of recognition) after forty than they did before.

Collateral circumstances nail men and women down to fixed opinions quite apart from any growing sluggishness of mind due to physical causes. For example, some of my friends consider that any efficient community should be ruled by officials chosen for eminence in the department to which they are promoted, that these officials should be responsible to a cross between the shareholders' meeting and a debating society, and that any form of government is preferable to what is called democracy. They think, and I agree with them, that so-called democracy is invariably the fraudulent parent of a concealed caucus, whereas a monarchy or an oligarchy is at least criticized, and therefore controlled, by those who are governed. To them a modern political programme resembles a *réchauffé* of reforms which were all very attractive thirty years ago, but which have often become unnecessary because the problems have been solved differently. For instance, a conveyancer will say that Land Registration was an excellent idea in 1880, but that most of the defects it sets out to cure were in fact cured by Lord Cairns's legislation in the early eighties. New reforms appeal to a younger generation; Socialism becomes smarter than Liberalism; Syndicalism than Socialism; and so we get round again to private property under different terminology.

Now, five or ten years hence, a few of my friends will get a hearing, and will become known as preachers of particular ideas. Directly that happens they will be labelled. A.B. will be known in the newspaper world as the champion of some political nostrum, and he will be almost coerced into thinking of nothing else—into what Sir Henry Maine called the "doubtful virtue of consistency." C.D. will be known as a professional secularist; E.F. as the acknowledged exponent of a scheme for leasehold marriages with financial safeguards, and so forth. Let any of these gentlemen swerve a hair's breadth from what the world is in the habit of expecting from him, and he will be called a "wobbler." He will produce the same consternation as Ruskin, or, in our own day, Mr. Belloc, has produced by writing about economics instead of about Turner or the French Revolu-

tion. All this process of environment tends to make the mind as rigid as age makes the arteries brittle.

Moreover, as the groove becames narrower, the practical energy becomes more concentrated—often up to extreme old age. If cancer is what a doctor once called it, "Nature's protest against decay," so the phrase of "an old man in a hurry" recalls the feverish excitement that comes from a subconscious effort to feel young again. This effort explains the phenomenon of what is called "the dangerous age" in women, although there is also a dangerous age for men between forty and fifty—a craving for adventures, either amorous or financial, which has often proved disastrous.

The subconscious effort is usually associated with a feeling of boredom. A woman of (say) forty, has married well and succeeded in bringing up a family of three or four children: she sees nothing before her but a gray vista of launching the children into the world and possibly seeing grandchildren. She resents being left on the shelf and wants to start life again as a young girl. Here is a typical woman. Let us give her a typical husband.

He is a successful man aged (say) forty-five, of the type who has usually achieved either in business or in the humbler professions about as much success as he is ever likely to have. His work and his family are interests, but not absorbing interests. The monotonous security of our civilization, startlingly sudden when we remember that our grandfathers could scarcely cross Putney Heath at night, almost wearies him. His life is always repeating itself. The amorous or financial adventure rejuvenates him.

Life, therefore, is not such a bed of roses as the suppressed "young" people imagine it is for those who have apparently achieved all that they want. Yet the "old" people could otherwise rejuvenate themselves if they took the trouble to keep more in touch with the "young" people, and the "young" people would feel less rebellious if they were given greater scope both for action and expression. The fact remains that in action they are often much under the thumb of their elders, while as regards expression nearly all newspapers and periodicals are written for the "old" because, commercially speaking, it is safer to cater for the generation in power. One need only take up *The Nineteenth Century and After*, *The Times*, and, in fact, the whole of the daily Press, *The Spectator* and nearly all the weekly periodicals, to find that the only point of view expounded *ad nauseam* is that of the "old."

I have sometimes read what seemed to me almost a platitude in *The English Review* and have subsequently been astonished to observe in other periodicals an explosion of quasi-parental wrath from the "old" brigade. Oftener, of course, such juvenilities are carefully ignored, as when Mr. G. K. Chesterton recently addressed a crowded meeting during the Reading election on certain political controversies, and no mention whatever was made of it, even in the local Press.

It is less controversial, perhaps, to go back twenty or thirty years. I often get circulars from such bodies as the anti-Socialist League appealing for large sums to demolish Socialism. I should like to know what all these worthy people were doing in the 'nineties. They never took the trouble to find out about the Fabian Society or to meet the arguments that were being disseminated by some of the ablest men of the day among the youth of that period, yet one of the main attractions of those arguments to youth was that their elders ignored the whole

movement and thereby made their juniors feel an enchanting sense of originality about it. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ* of the Anti-Socialist League.

Generally speaking, the "old" gain nothing by yielding to the insidious influences of the forty to sixty attitude of mind and by bolting the door of reflection on nascent opinion. On the other hand, they gain a great deal by assimilating new ideas in order to teach them how to shoot, and they must not be too much astonished if the shooting is occasionally exuberant.

E. S. P. Haynes.

The New Witness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Whether Miss Lucy Pratt's "Ezekiel Expands" is to be taken as a series of amusing talks, with an occasional pathetic interval, or as a revelation of the working of the innocent mind of a little negro is a question which the author may perhaps decide in one of those intervals of expansion to which all authors sometimes yield. Parable after parable, showing the infinite pliability of the individual negro, his susceptibility to suggestion, and his wondrous capacity for forgetting its form and substance, and his stubborn, unreasonable but lovable attachment to the home ways of a childhood of poverty, may be read into the ten pleasant chapters or one may pass by them smilingly with a laugh for E. W. Kemble's excellent pictures and tell one's neighbor about the "new book of negro stories. So funny!" The last chapter would be pathetic were Ezekiel an adult, but he is but a little child when Miss Pratt leaves him, to go back to him one hopes, when he grows older. His griefs still yield to the spell of the consolation that Izaak Walton found irresistible, but he is old enough to feel that a chicken is not transferable, unless returned without damage. His portrait is the frontispiece. It is with two companions that he is later seen moving forward to an unseen point to the tune of "yer's 'blige help 'em! Dey's li'l' Number Ones." Not many allegories are more important to the American citizen. It is to be hoped that he will feel its point and force. Houghton Mifflin Company.

In his "The Making of an Englishman," Mr. W. L. George attempts to describe the sentimental journey of a young French subject from his boyhood in Bordeaux, to his manhood in London, and leaves him with no stronger wish than to be the child of England's heart. He finds Falstaff to be the ancestor of the present Englishman, the conqueror of every shore, the planter of the English flag among savage races, a piece of genealogy which would amaze honest Jack, and yet more amaze the commonplace Englishman. The strongest likeness of Mr. George's hero to Falstaff lies in his relations with women, which are catholic in the extreme, but French he remains to the last, even when vaunting his love for England. He fairly bathes his soul in the stream of cockney dialect as it bubbles up in London restaurants of the cheaper variety, and he rates English comfort higher than Cowper reckoned it, loves the Londoner even amid the orgies of Mafeking night, and excuses things which Englishmen deprecate. The book is dedicated, "To the small French boy who in 1894 first called me

John Bull, and to the young Englishman who in 1892 first addressed me as Froggy." His name being Caderosse, he is, in defiance of the genius of the French language, called tea-caddy by the London young person, and Caderosse, for his part vows that if he goes to perdition and the demons wish to do their worst for him they will put him in a London County Council garage. His fancy that the word "ruly" exists, because there is such a word as "unruly," shows the thickness of his French veneer. Nobody would care to meet him in real life, but in a story his every word amuses. The story is eminently well adapted for reading circles of middle-aged folk. The young and unmarried will hardly care to follow Mr. Caderosse in groups. Dodd, Mead & Co.

As far as can be learned from Mr. Clement K. Shorter's "George Borrow and his Circle," clever men beset Borrow's childhood, but he often repelled clever women, Miss Martineau, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Agnes Strickland and Lady Eastlake for example. It is noteworthy that the more masculine and conservative women were least attracted by him, and similarly, that men in whom the feminine element was almost completely lacking, and men whose pursuits were the same as his own cared little for his work. Bowring whom he came to hate, a man as brave, and as sincere as himself, and incapable of affectation, understood him only too well. Borrow was often histrionic, he could be a little envious, and he feared a repetition of his miserable lean years. Lastly, no matter what portrait-painters or brother-authors may say the unpitying, truthful sun exhibits him, in the one photograph for which he ever sat, as a perfectly self-complacent old gentleman, posing for admiration. Mr. Shorter says that he was capable of writing favorable press notices of his own work. What else could be expected of one who had been so courted and admired? There was little of human emotion which he had not known, and had not wished to know during his nearly four-score years, and of those who came after him there have been few good critics who have not admired his work. Charlotte Brontë was warmly enthusiastic in his behalf. The younger satirists, Mr. Birrell for instance, have openly named him as one of the Kings of literature. The ungrateful Birrell actually refuses to be pleased because the liege lord of the great Clan Stevenson casually speaks well of "The Bible in Spain," and says that as far as Borrow is concerned, it does not matter two straws. Borrow he declares will always have an "attendant company who, when he pipes, must dance." The existence of this book is testimony that, thus far, at least, Mr. Birrell is a very Daniel. Mr. Watts-Dunton, the generous and courteous, is another devout Borrovian, as he has shown in his criticism of every point of Borrow's character. Mr. Shorter reprints Mr. Watts-Dunton's sonnet published in the *Athenæum* immediately after Borrow passed into the land where the truth concealed by life is made visible in the light which overcomes all darkness. This delightful volume not only shows Borrow by the aid of his work and that of his contemporaries, but accompanies the text by fifteen full page plates and twenty-five illustrations some of them facsimiles of manuscripts of Borrow and others. In the very heart of the noble volume is a picture of the reverse and obverse of a shekel. Six are needed to purchase "George Borrow and his Circle" and much greater will be its worth to the Borrovian whether made, or in the making. Houghton Mifflin Company.